

# THE LIVING AGE

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## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### AMERICA'S 'BLOOD-LUST'

J. A. HOBSON, a well-known student of labor affairs, discusses in the current number of the *Contemporary Review* what he calls 'the unpopularity of Europe in the United States'; and, as an explanation of this sentiment he expresses the following interesting, but it seems to us inaccurate opinion of our American attitude:

Though the professed sentiments of sympathy and admiration for France and Belgium remain unabated, they are secretly sapped by the chilling experiences of returned soldiers. It cannot, I think, be said that the militant policy of France at the present time or her impossible demands for indemnities evoke a widespread reprobation. The prevailing feeling among 'good Americans' is still in favor of a ruthless treatment of the enemy. In quiet conversation quite kindly and refined men and women constantly express their genuine regret that the war was not carried on for a few months further, so that the German people might have tasted the horrors they had inflicted upon Belgium and France. They are convinced that 'the German psychology' is such that only thus could they learn their lesson. And the conviction that this lesson has not been learned still poisons the moral atmosphere. The fact is that America ever since the armistice has been suffering from thwarted blood-lust. Her war-passion, evoked so much later than in the European combatants, was checked in its full career by the termination of the struggle, and has remained a flowing tide of hate, suspicion and credulity, partly diverted into the internal war on 'Bolshe-

vism' and 'radicalism,' but still operative as an obstructive influence against any really healing policy for Europe. Indeed, the Bolshevik terror has been worked up by press and politicians largely as a vent for this unexpended war-passion. Otherwise intelligent persons in America are convinced that all their strikes and other social troubles are due to paid propaganda from Russia and Germany, these two countries co-operating through secret channels for the overthrow of American institutions. A flabby public mind, infinitely credulous, has been so filled with suspicions of aliens and their propaganda, that it clamors for policies of Americanization which shall keep out all these dangerous immigrants with their poisonous ideas.

### GIOLITTI'S POLICY

In his programme speech the new Premier emphasized the desire of Italy to maintain the most intimate and cordial relations with the governments with which it was allied during the war. He plans immediately to submit a Constitutional amendment requiring the approval of Parliament for all treaties, conventions, and agreements with foreign governments, or for a declaration of war. Apparently it is proposed to go even further than does the American Constitution in giving control of treaties to the legislative branch of the government; for he plans to create in both the Upper and Lower House permanent committees to which are to be transmitted regularly all im-

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portant documents relating to international questions.

In domestic matters he proposes to increase the powers of the local governments, to introduce the referendum in municipal and other local legislation, to promote agricultural and technical education, to discourage imports and encourage exports, and to enforce radical economy in public expenditures.

#### HUNGARY AND INTERNATIONAL LABOR

THE labor boycott against Hungary is said to be the cause for the resignation of the Simonyi-Semaden Cabinet, although the defeat of government candidates in Parliamentary elections, just held in territories recently evacuated by the Roumanians, contributed to this result. In the latter regions the peasants are mostly Calvinists, and have never loved the Hapsburgs. According to Austrian papers the voters elected Liberal representatives in spite of the efforts of the military party to prevent by intimidation and violence, their expressing their true views at the polls.

Immediately after the Bolsheviks were overthrown a bourgeois cabinet was formed in Hungary and under its control a Constitutional Assembly was elected last January. Of its 164 members, 75 represented the Christian National Union, and 79 the Small Farmers' Union. The Social Democrats were defeated all along the line, and the old political parties have practically disappeared.

The 'White Terror,' which is the occasion of the present International Boycott, has recently been investigated by a British Labor Delegation which has presented an exhaustive report upon the alleged atrocities committed by the existing government or with its tacit consent. This report states: 'In view of the evidence sub-

mitted to us we are convinced that there is a real reign of terror in Hungary, and that the Hungarian government is powerless to check it. Furthermore, that many acts of the government are of a character to deserve the name of "Terrorism." At another place in its conclusions the Delegation says: 'We do not think that the Governor (Horthy) or the administration is strong enough to reestablish order.' The Delegation criticizes vigorously the attitude, acts, and reports of the British Mission in Hungary, which has attempted to extenuate and exculpate the Hungarian government. This report, which discusses in great detail the incidents of this alleged 'Terrorist' régime, has not been printed as yet in any English periodical which has come to our attention. However, a fairly complete translation in German appears in the *Vienna Arbeiter Zeitung* of June 23.

#### STRIKES IN THE CONGO

BELGIUM is embarrassed by a strike of its officials in the Congo, whose claims for an increase of salary, to compensate for the rising cost of living, have received an unsatisfactory response from the government. In discussing this strike M. Vandervelde, Colonial Minister, said: 'The example (of the functionaries) has not been lost upon the natives, and though they know nothing of syndicalism, they are beginning to realize the power they may wield, on account of their numbers, if they unite for common action . . . I have received from the Colonies the following telegram, filed at Umangi, on June 21':

The strike of civilian officers has been followed by a strike of the natives at Leopoldville, Kinshasa, Lukolela, and Elizabetha. We are taking all necessary measures to maintain order, but the situation is critical.

This Lukolela is the site of an important government sawmill, and the other towns mentioned are industrial or commercial centres of some consequence. In the case of the natives the government appears to be dealing with a typical labor dispute complicated, of course, by the race question.

#### WHY FRANCE WANTS COAL

MAXIMILIAN HARDIN, in a recent number of *Zukunft*, enforces upon his German readers a few wholesome truths regarding the coal deliveries demanded of Germany under the Treaty:

The *Bulletin de l'Association internationale des chemins de fer* has just published the following report: 'The new president of the Society of French Civil Engineers, Mr. Eduard Gruner, in his inaugural address, discussed the destruction and reconstruction of the coal districts in the North and Pas-de-Calais. Citing the records left by the German engineers themselves, he showed that Germany's work of destruction in these regions was thoroughly planned and carried out with all the resources of expert engineering science. In August of 1915 they had ascertained scientifically the height of the ground water line in every shaft then working, and beginning with the advance shafts in Courrières and Liévin they started their work of destruction. The engineers in charge of this crime have themselves explained that they dropped into each shaft a small beam to the end of which was attached a mass of high explosive. The quantity varied from 80 to 200 kilos according to the estimation of the amount required in each particular instance to destroy the casing and cement work of the mine. The underground passages and excavations were filled with water. Around the pillars they assembled all conceivable material: barrels, gratings, cable, basketry, human corpses, bodies of animals, and whatever they could lay their hands upon to foul the water and prevent the mines from being pumped out. In the midst of this *débris*, they sank shells and boxes of dynamite, hoping thus to prevent salvaging the mines by causing constant explosions. First of all they dealt with the property of the Lens Mining Company. They did not spare one of the twenty shafts. This explains why a district which used to produce more than 4,000,000 tons of coal annually could be flooded to the very top of the shafts.

Equally methodical was the destruction of the works above ground. Every building, machine, piston rod, crankshaft, shaft, with its bearings and brackets, was cut up and broken to pieces completely with dynamite. It would have been considered a very serious oversight to leave a boiler intact. All the steam boilers, winches, and other pit head apparatus, were completely destroyed with explosives. Of 12,000 laborers' houses in Lens and thousands of small houses in the neighboring villages and country, not a single one was left intact. In October, 1918, the irresistible general advance of the Allied Army swept through these regions. Thereupon every shaft of the Mining Companies of the North, from Escarpelle to the gates of Douai and the collieries of Anzin on the Belgian border, was destroyed. In regions where a cannon was never heard, thirty or forty kilometers from combatant troops, by the 12th of October there was not a steam engine, a winch, or a pump, or a ventilating fan left. Everything was completely ruined. A few figures will show the extent of this destruction. For years to come 220 mines will be useless. The water is from 60 to 80 meters deep in them. Double or three times this quantity will have to be pumped out before the first breaches in the mine walls will be uncovered. A production of 20,000,000 tons of coal, which was increasing annually far more than a million tons and by 1920 would have reached at least 26,000,000 tons, has been stopped completely and cannot be resumed before 1930, at the earliest. This destruction was never justified on the ground of military necessity.

#### THE SHORTAGE OF WHEAT

AFTER deducting the amount required for seed from this season's crop in France, that country faces the prospect of having to import seventy million bushels of wheat. This will increase the balance of trade against France by at least four billion francs and correspondingly add to the cost of living. Similar conditions in Italy were immediately responsible for the fall of the Nitti cabinet. The Italian crop has had an adverse season and will probably be twenty-eight billion bushels below original estimates. This will impose an unanticipated charge of more than two billion lire upon the nation.

## PROTOCOLS OF THE SAGES OF ZION

BRITISH and Continental newspapers have recently discussed certain revelations alleged to disclose the existence of the vast international conspiracy by a Jewish masonic organization to overthrow the established order in Europe, and to substitute for it eventually a Jewish plutocratic hierarchy or monarchy. The evidence of this fantastic design is said to be embodied in so-called 'Protocols of the Sages of Zion,' a little pamphlet published by a Russian nobleman, in 1902—eighteen years ago. This editor asserted in his preface that the documents had been obtained through a confidential agent; and in one of his conflicting reports of their derivation states that they are the secret records—incomplete—of the Zionist Congress held in Basle in 1897. This pamphlet, which appeared in two editions, was rapidly bought up, and practically vanished. Written in an apocryphal style, with a large infusion of more or less mystical thought and jargon, it would probably have been forgotten were it not for the recent discovery of a copy in the British Museum, deposited there in 1906. Indeed it bears much resemblance to the work of the *Illuminati* a few generations earlier. Attention has been attracted to it, however, by some striking coincidences between the prophecies and plans which it contains, and the extraordinary events which followed fifteen years later—especially the Bolshevik Revolution. These are assumed by some to indicate that the present wave of revolutionary agitation in

Europe has been promoted and guided in accordance with pre-arranged Jewish plans.

Two or three English editions of the *Protocols* have been printed abroad, or are about to appear in this country. They may afford some material for anti-Semite agitation, although they seem to embrace the design of exploiting Jews and Gentiles alike in the interest of the small inner group or ruling caste. To the scientific historian they will be interesting as an example of their mystical literature of signs and portents which often appear as a by-product of great social crises.

*La Publicidad*, a pro-Ally Barcelona paper, takes up the defense of the Jews, and especially the Russian Jews, against the recent anti-Semite movement observable in Paris, and quotes the following appeal published by the Russian Jews of that city, at the outbreak of the war:

France, the country of liberty, equality, and fraternity, which has emancipated mankind, has been the first nation in the world to grant us Jews the rights of men and citizens. France, the country where our people found a refuge and shelter, is in danger. What is the call of duty for us Jewish immigrants?

Are we to sit with folded arms while the whole French nation presses to the front with weapons in hand?

No. If we are not Frenchmen by law, we are Frenchmen at heart, and our most sacred duty is to place ourselves at the disposal of this great and noble nation and to assure it defense.

Brothers, the moment has come to pay our tribute of gratitude to the country where we have found moral emancipation and material prosperity.

Immigrant Jews, do your duty. Long live France!



## AWAKENING ASIA

BY L. DUMONT-WILDEN

WHILE Europe is futilely groping toward its own recovery, the immense population of Asia, hitherto considered merely material for exploitation, has begun to move and agitate. Quite possibly this awakening will occasion in the near future the most serious and terrible political problem which the coming generation will have to face. The landing of the Bolsheviki in Persia, the advance of Lenin's troops toward Teheran, have obviously overthrown all the theories upon which England's plans were based. Everyone realizes that Lloyd George's reversal of policy and recent friendliness toward the Soviet government, are inspired by his fear that Bolshevism will sweep over Asia. It is far from certain, even if we look at the case solely from an English viewpoint, that he took a wise course. Bolshevism is assuming increasingly the aspect of a religion, and like all conquering religions, it will sacrifice everything for propaganda. Therefore it will win a decisive victory if it wins the recognition of a great western power, and thus opens a channel for spreading its doctrines over Europe. But it is no less true that the fears felt by the English premier are fully justified.

All European powers are threatened by Oriental Bolshevism. But it is England which holds the outposts. That is the country which represents in the eyes of all Asiatics a conquering and exploiting Europe; that is the government which they hope and conspire to ruin and expel. Unhappily, whether

we will it or not, and innocent as we may be of complicity in the policy of conquest which inspires this revolt, our fortunes are united with those of our allies. Asiatic Bolshevism seeks first to expel the English, and then all other Occidentals.

It was a master stroke, a manoeuvre of genius, for Lenin, when his propaganda was checked in the Occident, to conceive the gigantic plan of employing for his ends Russia's historical function of intermediary between Europe and Asia and of accommodating his chimerical internationalism with that mystical nationalism which unites all the peoples of the Orient in common distrust and dislike of the rule of 'European capitalism.'

In some of its aspects Bolshevism is well designed to suit Asiatic tastes. Communism is an ancient ideal of the nomad peoples, who can adjust themselves to it far better than sedentary and agricultural nations. The disorder and anarchy which in our eyes are the greatest evils of the Soviet government, have been for centuries the normal condition in those ancient homes of nominal despotism. Turks, Arabs, Turanians, Afghans, Persians, and the peoples of the Caucasus, have but a vague and shadowy idea of the state, and we must confess that such a knowledge as they may have derived from their dealings with western states is not likely to make them love that ideal. But the Bolshevik state, which is a state reduced to atoms, suits their customs and social institutions.

On the other hand, however, Asiatics instinctively rejected Lenin's internationalist doctrines. Lacking consciousness of the state, these people have an overemphasized consciousness of race and of tribal solidarity. It is solely a desire to liberate their race, their tribe, their religion from the domination of all 'western barbarians' which inspires them to try the venture of a grand revolt against powers which they have hitherto considered irresistible, and of which they now perceive the weakness.

Lenin understands this perfectly. The propagandists whom he sent to Constantinople, Syria, Persia, Asia Minor, and British India have confined themselves to preaching a special phase of national self determination. Throughout all these regions Bolshevism means to the common people one thing: fight Europe and fight the West.

There has been no more typical illustration of this than the pretended Bolshevik revolution in Baku. At first the shifting of equilibrium in Transcaucasia was supposed to be in favor of Moscow. The truth is that the Tartars of Azerbaijan merely used the Soviet formula to emphasize their break with Europe. They found the Russian word convenient to designate their solidarity with the Turkish nationalists in Anatolia, with whom they are united by racial bonds. Reports coming independently from different sources, fragmentary though they be, all go to show that the object of this movement, and the goal which it seeks, is the erection in Transcaucasia of a great Mussulman state, to be a satellite of Turkey, with territories extending from the Caspian Sea to the vicinity of Kars and Erzerum—a state essentially anti-European.

That is far indeed from being a Bolshevik idea; but it does not preclude the possibility, and indeed probability,

that Lenin really instigated the overthrow in Baku; for Bolshevik policy in the Orient has adopted all the traditions of Asiatic Machiavelism. That great man at Moscow was dreaming of one thing only; to create the greatest possible embarrassment for the western nations.

Like all founders of religions, Lenin is perfectly capable of employing very practical opportunism in the service of his dreams. It matters little to him that Azerbaijan will ally itself with Turkish nationalism rather than with Russian Sovietism. For the time being the main thing is to multiply universal disorder, that a new order may be born. Asia is at the present moment a centre of disorder and a focus of anarchy; Asiatic passions are an additional resource in his hands. Everything brings grain to his mill: the loyalty of the Anatolian peasant toward his padishah, the hopes of the Arabians embodied in an Emir Faysal, and the bitterness of the educated Mussulmen of Damascus and Cairo, eager to revenge themselves for the manifold humiliations they have suffered from the West.

Albeit nationalism, rendered more ardent by its wounded pride, inspires all the peoples of ancient Turkey, there is in every one of them a radical-extremist group, constituting a powerful minority. Undoubtedly the Turkish nationalists, and their leader, Mustafa Kemal, still hesitate to commit themselves fully to a Bolshevik Asia, and cling as yet to the declarations of the Congress of Sivas, which are limited to asserting the integrity of national Turkish territory within the limits occupied by the Turks at the date of the armistice. They are fighting for a single thing: the independence of their fatherland. But they, too, are willing to employ any reinforcements which offer. The Bolsheviks in their

own country, as well as the Arab, Egyptian, or Hindoo proselytes to this belief, offer that reinforcement; and these radicals, animated as they are by an extremity of passion, utilize the ardor of the conflict to lead a more conservative element further than they intended.

Upon this Lenin bases his hope. The list of lands where Mohammedan Bolshevism has active propagandists continues to extend. They embrace Siberia, Russian Turkestan, Chinese Turkestan, Afghanistan, Bokhara, Khiva, Persia, Caucasus, India, Thrace, Anatolia, Syria, Albania, Egypt, Arabia, and even to some extent, Algiers, Tunis and Morocco. The centre of the movement is in Tashkent, in Turkestan, where Enver Pasha, his heart bursting with hatred, is laboring hand in hand with the delegates of the Soviets. That is where plans are being worked out for a general confederation of the Mussulman peoples. Turkish politicians and generals, whose fortunes were ruined by the war, Muscovite anarchists, Persian nationalists exasperated by the English treaty, Oriental adventurers of every race, are carrying thither their passions and intrigues. A Mussulman and revolutionary mysticism is being developed, which is captivating even the minds of the young intellectuals of Damascus and Beirut, men who have been educated in our own schools and speak French and English with admirable correctness, — men who seem almost like ourselves, but remain in the depths of their hearts true sons of the Prophet.

From one to the other of the Oriental world imaginations are at work. We may fancy that these people have been finally subjugated by our force and prestige; but time does not count with the children of these ancient lands. What do a few years, or even a few

centuries, mean for a continent which has seen Babylon, Nineveh, Elam and Bagdad pass away? Even while witnessing the decadence of Islam, these people have always believed that their day of vengeance would come. Now they think it has arrived, or is about to dawn.

Possibly the most disquieting aspect of this situation is the extension of the movement in India. There, too, the emissaries of Mussulman Bolshevism have started their propaganda. We have already seen what profound discontent the threat of depriving the Sultan of Constantinople caused among the Mohammedan Hindoos. The English occupation of their sacred city has added to their irritation.

Of course, England still has ample military forces to hold these vast territories, even though revolts may break out at isolated points. But the officers who are returning from these regions are not over-confident. The native army is unreliable. The common soldiers, and above all, the officers of Hindoo blood do not show the same respect for their English superiors as heretofore. It is becoming increasingly difficult to enlist English troops to serve in India. Before the war there were plenty of recruits. Soldiers liked the prestige which they enjoyed in India; and the promise of an easy billet attracted many to the service. But as an officer just returning from Bombay recently said: 'The situation has changed entirely since the new labor legislation in Great Britain. Men now work less in Manchester factories and earn more than they do in the Indian regiments. We cannot keep our quotas filled; furthermore, the troops already out there have no hope to being relieved, because the new recruits at home are being sent to Ireland or to Egypt.' Let us admit that Downing Street has reason to be seriously

worried. That is the first indication of the progress of Bolshevism in the Mohammedan-Asiatic world, which is already distracting the attention of England from the Rhine.

Still farther east the problem assumes a different aspect. Lenin may have employed many Chinese mercenaries in his red guard, but we have no evidence that his doctrines have made serious inroads into the Yellow World. Nevertheless the latter is agitated by an anti-European movement with a more distant objective, but an equally dangerous intent. There, likewise, the battle cry 'Asia for the Asiatics' has turned everyone's head. But this movement dates further back. The Boxer revolt in 1900 was an explosive manifestation of hatred of the white race, which has been repressed but never extinguished. Since that time Chinese capitalists have been buying up little by little many European enterprises, and if for the moment national sentiment is more anti-Japanese than anti-white, we should not delude ourselves with the idea that we are loved. The scornful treatment which the Chinese delegates received at the Peace Conference, where their claims to Kiaochow did not even receive a hearing, has embittered public sentiment in their country, and that indignation is equally strong in the north and in the south. The educated youth of China who started the revolution, and who have adopted our ideas with a literalness that is at the same time juvenile and Oriental, are eagerly awaiting an opportunity to disembarass their republic of all the restraints upon its sovereignty which our enterprises in the Far East represent. Happily for us, this purpose is for the moment secondary. The immediate enemy is Japan, which has seized Shantung by main force.

Apparently the Japanese are ambitious to play the same part in the Yellow World that Prussia played during the nineteenth century in the Germanic world. Up to the present China shows no disposition to permit these pretensions, and the Empire of the Mikados has not found a Bismarck competent to arouse and concentrate the hatred of the yellow race against the white race, in the way the great Prussian chancellor aroused and concentrated the hatred of Germany against France. But what may happen to-morrow? Hitherto Japanese imperialism has been inspired by the narrowest egoism. However, a change is always possible. Perhaps that country will see the light, and understand that a more generous and liberal policy in relation to Kiaochow may win the favor of China, and enable Japan to enjoy still greater advantages as guide and counselor to that still unstable and troubled country.

Certainly, though, this moment has not yet arrived. For the time being Tokyo seems intent upon an even more definitely aggressive policy than heretofore, as we have evidence in Siberia.

Japanese penetration of that country commenced in 1918, when two cruisers anchored in the Bay of Vladivostock. It is true that they were accompanied by French, English, and American vessels. Their role was to be limited to protecting the allied residents and preventing the military supplies, accumulated at that port, from falling into the hands of the Bolsheviks. But it soon became evident that the Japanese had other designs. Seven months later, when troops were landed, their contingent was far the largest. It was speedily reinforced, and on the pretext of protecting the railway, it advanced as

far as Irkutsk. There was no obvious reason for this but the most plausible pretext was to protect the anti-Bolsheviks. Admiral Kolchak, at first victorious, and later defeated, always enjoyed the favor of Tokyo; but in such a way that one never was quite certain whether the government there was better pleased by his defeats or by his victories.

When Kolchak was eliminated, and the English, French, American, and Czecho-Slovaks were returned to their own countries, the Japanese were the only ones left in eastern Siberia. At once their policy became more brutal, their armies more numerous, their occupation more effective. It is evident to the whole world that we are face to face with a vast Japanese imperialist and military operation. That country has taken advantage of Russia's collapse to seize what European opposition prevented its obtaining at the Portsmouth peace negotiations.

Are we dealing here with a direct and permanent occupation—a true conquest? That is hardly probable. Japan is, as a matter of fact, not strong enough to embark on such an adventure. Its domestic situation is precarious. A social movement which may become dangerous is making itself felt. The Shantung matter is not

adjusted. Korea is in constant revolt. The United States, adding rapidly to its powerful fleet, regards with distrust every threat of Japanese expansion. But then, what does the military and political policy of Japan in Siberia mean?

The plan is merely to create a buffer state for the present between Japan and Bolshevik Siberia. This buffer state is to embrace the territories which Japan is unable to assimilate either politically or economically, but which it can keep under its indirect control, even though Russia should recover and again become a member of the community of European nations.

So we have Asia adopting a new attitude toward Europe. In fact, all of those who have lived long in the Orient have heard rumors of the existence of a secret society, of whom a large number of Japanese and Chinese statesmen are members, the purpose of which is to keep 'Asia for the Asiatics.' Among our countrymen residing in the Orient are many thinking men who know the Yellow World well. These are accustomed to say sadly that within possibly a few *décades* it may become difficult, if not impossible, for us French, English, and Hollanders to retain control of colonies among people who will hardly deign to accept the status of dominions.



## A NEUTRAL VIEW OF IRELAND. II

BY A SWISS CORRESPONDENT

IN order to understand the present situation in Ireland one must glance back over the incidents of the last few years. This is the more necessary because during the war the Irish question, although it developed some dramatic aspects, received little attention from the world at large. Early in 1914 the old Home Rule Bill of the Asquith Cabinet, to make way for which a radical change had been made in the British Constitution, was imperiled by the Ulster crisis. Sir Edward Carson, who was not born in that province but in Southern Ireland, made no concealment of his intention to prevent, by force of arms, the introduction of Home Rule. With the tacit permission of the government, and, it is suspected by the Irish outside of Ulster, with the secret support of the Dublin authorities, he recruited volunteers and armed them. This dangerous example was naturally imitated by the Southern Irish who had been fighting their cause more than a quarter of a century by constitutional means. The latter had the stronger forces. It resulted that the Nationalists, who advocated legal agitation, and whose delegation in the British Parliament was at that time led by Redmond, found themselves unable to prevent the organization of volunteer forces throughout Ireland. Asquith's government was faced by the dilemma of either tolerating open civil war, which it could not have prevented in taking sides against the party directly responsible for its occurrence, or of

forcing the people of Ulster, against whose opposition Parliament had enacted the Home Rule Bill, to submit. If they took the latter course they faced a military revolt in Great Britain; for part of the English officers threatened mutiny. This crisis was postponed for a period by the outbreak of the war. Home Rule became a law, but its introduction was postponed until peace had been signed. At the same time the people of Ulster were assured that they would never be forced against their will to obey an Irish government.

The first wave of war enthusiasm seized even the population of Southern Ireland, and the tension was momentarily relaxed. However, this was speedily followed by disillusionment, when it was seen what a victory Sir Edward Carson had really won. Early and apparently untactful efforts to raise recruits in Ireland increased the resentment. On Easter, in 1916, open rebellion broke out in Dublin, and simultaneously in two or three country places, only to be speedily suppressed by English troops. Sackville Street, the principal thoroughfare of Dublin, lately rechristened with the name of Parnell, was completely wrecked by artillery fire. Today the line of new white edifices along this avenue is still broken by the black, burned ruins of the post office, which the revolutionists made their headquarters. The Irish are resolved to prevent its reconstruction, in order that these ruins may remain an impressive monument

for the people. That insurrection was really the work of the poorer quarters of Dublin, where bitter distress reigned during the first part of the war. A movement led by a few mad fanatics, such as always come to the top in secret parties, succeeded in allying the Irish volunteers with Sinn Fein. The regular leader of the volunteers, Professor MacNeill, expressly disapproved of the revolt, which was obviously doomed to failure from the outset. Public opinion, as is now universally acknowledged, was at that time practically unanimous in condemning the insurrection. The penalties inflicted upon the insurgents appeared mild when regarded from a distance. Other governments would have taken still sterner measures with the persons who instigated such an attack against their authority in the midst of war. In Ireland, however, where the citizens knew how much responsibility for what had occurred rested on the governing classes, the arrests and sentences of many people who were innocent at heart created deep indignation, which was increased by the secrecy of their trials. The fickle sympathies of the masses speedily took the side of Sinn Fein, which was theoretically the most radical party, and the only party which seemed in a position to offer effective resistance after the Easter insurrection had been crushed.

Sinn Fein was originally a literary movement — a society to revive Celtic culture. It was led by men of literary rather than political tastes and training. Its early program was really negative. It called for Ireland's abstention from participation in the British Parliament. Early in 1917 four by-elections occurred in rapid succession in Ireland and in all four districts the Sinn Fein candidates were elected by large majorities. They

drew their votes from the Nationalists, who favored legal agitation. Soon afterwards Lloyd George called an Irish Convention which was to settle by compromise the issues in dispute. Thereupon the Sinn Fein party, which was invited to take part, refused. This convention, which was a sort of national assembly, was thus doomed to failure from the outset by the obstruction of a party which, though of unknown strength, was generally believed to represent the real sentiment of the people. Nevertheless the convention went to work with zeal, and it looked as though a compromise might be effected, when the British Premier declared on February 25, 1918, that the Imperial government must retain control of customs duties and direct taxes in Ireland. Thereupon this last effort to settle the Irish question on the basis of free discussion by all parties failed. Soon afterwards an active agitation started in England to impose compulsory service upon Ireland. An effort to carry this would probably have been met by passive resistance if not by open revolt. Nothing came of this agitation; but it strengthened tremendously the Sinn Fein propaganda, so that in the parliamentary elections of December, 1918, this party which put up fusion candidates with the Socialists, won 73 of the 100 seats more or less, and the old legitimate Nationalist party practically vanished. The Sinn Fein candidates thus elected organized themselves at Dublin as an Irish Parliament, 'Dail Eireann,' proclaimed a republic, and formed a cabinet headed by Mr. De Valera as the first 'President of the Irish Republic.'

The policy of this organization, which claims to represent the whole Irish people, is to be gathered from the public statements of its leaders to the effect that they will make English rule

impossible in Ireland, and through the pressure of public opinion in the world at large, particularly America, compel the British government eventually to recognize Ireland's independence.

This policy has since then been pursued with great energy. Mr. De Valera is in charge of the propaganda abroad. He secretly made his escape to America. This agitation is by no means confined to the United States, where the large number of voters of Irish descent naturally gives it special importance, and where most of the funds which support it have been raised. It endeavors to utilize the difficulties which England faces in every country of the world. How far Sinn Fein has encouraged the unrest and outbreaks in Egypt, India, Mesopotamia, Syria and South Africa, and how far it has allied itself with the propaganda of the Russia Soviet Republic and the German military party, are questions which cannot yet be answered. However, the world-wide importance of this propaganda is undeniable. It may have decided the action of the American Senate upon the League of Nations. It threatens to sow dissension between the two great Anglo-Saxon powers, who are the most important pillars of peace and order throughout the world. If so the whole world will have to pay the penalty. Sinn Fein leaders are openly boasting to-day that they command millions of votes in the United States, and that they can prevent any man from becoming president there who does not solemnly promise to recognize the Irish Republic. At present, however, it is to be questioned whether either a Democrat or Republican candidate will make such an acknowledgment, since a promise of this kind would seriously compromise America's foreign policy. The effect of the Irish agitation upon domestic conditions in

the United States is already creating serious difficulties.

The domestic policy of Sinn Fein comes into direct conflict with the legally constituted government, which for centuries has taken its name from the building it makes its headquarters, 'Dublin Castle.' This Castle is no turreted fortress, but a confused group of miscellaneous buildings crowded into a dark corner of old Dublin. Were it not for the strong guard in steel helmets stationed behind its high barred gates, the castle would give no impression of being the seat of power. It would look as peaceful and purely bureaucratic as a municipal hall in Zurich. But the traditions of the Dublin bureaucracy are based on force. Liberal English cabinets, which, during the last few decades have tried to solve the Irish problem, have found the policy of the Dublin administration one of their greatest obstacles. The wisdom of the latter comprehends only police measures, and it has shown complete incapacity to accommodate itself to the broader plans of London. The suppression of the Easter revolt caused naturally a profound reaction in the politically irritated populace; after the proclamation of 'Dail Eireann,' a real official reign of terror was inaugurated. Nearly all of the Sinn Fein delegates were imprisoned. The authorities had a technical right to do this, inasmuch as the elected representatives had not formerly taken their seats in London, and therefore did not enjoy parliamentary immunity. Furthermore, their proclamation was accounted high treason. However, the local authorities did not stop there. Hundreds and thousands of arrests were made throughout the country. Inevitably many innocent and harmless people suffered; but even those who were guilty from the British point of view were enhaloed with the glory

of martyrs, — for in very few cases were they given a regular trial. The military courts which heard the cases of part of the people arrested enjoyed no confidence whatever in Ireland. The English government attempted to justify these proceedings which finally ended in the well-known hunger strike and the liberation of the prisoners under the pressure of public opinion, on the ground that it was impossible to prove legally the guilt of people against which it held strong circumstantial evidence, because the Sinn Fein terror shut the mouths of witnesses.

This is only partly true. National sentiment was just as powerful a motive as fear of vengeance, and even the moderate Irish, and residents who were not Irish, shared the opinion that it was an issue in which both sides were equally guilty of brutal measures. Responsible, respectable, quiet citizens who have kept apart from all political agitation, frequently express this opinion.

In truth, both sides are employing terror, and the outer world hears only of its extreme incidents. Naturally each party accuses the other of starting this policy. During the last six months the situation has reached a climax. Something like fifty police officers have been shot. Several civilians have been assassinated by Sinn Fein supporters, presumably for being Sinn Fein 'traitors.' No one can say how far the Sinn Fein leaders themselves are responsible for these deeds. Their followers appeal to the right of national defense against a 'foreign army of occupation.' Every little child in the streets thus designates the British troops. They assert that the murdered police officers were either personally guilty of serious offences and had been warned beforehand to leave the country, or that they fell in battle because

they insisted on resisting superior forces after being summoned to surrender.

No doubt, many of these murders have occurred against the wishes of the Sinn Fein leaders, who are no longer able to control the unchained passions of their partisans. The police, as has been demonstrated not only by the oath of Irish conspirators — which are hardly above question — but by the measures taken by the public prosecutors, have more than once met violence with brutal violence. Even the regular officers have on several occasions lost their heads. Common soldiers, who are frequently compelled to defend themselves against odds in isolated posts, have not always obeyed the commands of their superiors.

The Lord Mayor of Court, a haggard young man who bears in his face unmistakable traces of his long imprisonment, discussed with me at length, across the massive oak table in his office, the evidence which led the jury to give its well-known verdict, charging the British Premier and the Viceroy of Ireland with responsibility for the assassination of his predecessor. There is not the slightest evidence to justify this latter hypothesis; but the charges against the police themselves appear only too well founded. Their officers have had a hard time in Cork, which is the stronghold of Sinn Fein. Countless flags and hundreds of inscriptions defiantly glorify the republic. Actual attacks upon the police occurred shortly before the Lord Mayor was assassinated. From the psychological standpoint, it is not difficult to understand how reaction might assume such a frightful guise. In any case, every man in South Ireland is to-day convinced that the police were guilty, and city officials take care that their citizens shall not forget this is the case. Even the desk of the young

Lord Mayor, which was ornamented with an Irish coat of arms and Celtic inscriptions, was draped in black.

The disorders and murders which are unjustly attributed to Sinn Fein are a warning of what must inevitably occur if the present situation is allowed to continue a few months longer. Public authority will cease, and no improvised government can take its place. Already the moral standards of the nation would have been irretrievably corrupted, if the solid, respectable integrity of the peasantry had not stood in the way of anarchy. The government at Dublin Castle is by no means guiltless here. It has been seized with panic, has withdrawn the police from wide tracts of territory, and has left the people to defend themselves. The latter have naturally given their obedience to Sinn Fein; it was their only choice.

[*L'Europe Nouvelle* (Foreign Affairs Nationalist Weekly), June 13]

## GREECE AND THE NEAR EAST

BY CHARLES VELLAY

ATHENS, May 1920.

GREECE emerges from the peace negotiations practically a new state, whose influence promises to be preponderant not only in the Aegean Sea, which henceforth will be bounded by Greek territory for practically its whole circumference, but throughout the whole Levant from the Caucasus to Suez. It owes its rise in the world to other things than to its territorial accessions, though these are large. The fact that Greece is to-day the representative of the allied powers in this quarter of the world — or, if one prefers, Great Britain's agent there — is no longer a secret. We may dislike, fear, distrust this situation, but it is a fact, and we must deal with facts.

Much might be written on the incidents and influences which have determined the foreign policy of Greece during the last three years. Let us merely say that in becoming an ally of Greece, as England has done with a practical certainty of deriving great advantage from this relation, our British ally has taken a position which would naturally have fallen to France. Indeed, Mr. Venezelos tried for a long period to follow a common path with France. Surrounded by enemies, bounded by new frontiers of unusual vulnerability, requiring a long period of peace in order to reorganize its economic resources, Greece was compelled to seek the support of some great power. The prominent part taken by France in the Saloniki expedition and in the dethronement of King Constantine, the deep sympathy for that country which prevailed in Greece, the current use of the French language, and the preponderating influence of our literature, all seem to indicate, when the war terminated, that we were destined to be the partners of the Greeks in ruling the eastern Mediterranean.

How is it that our French diplomats have succeeded in destroying all these advantages? Their blunders have been so numerous and so serious that the consequences can not now be repaired.

Of course they might have been avoided if the place which France disdained to occupy had remained vacant. But with a skill and foresight and resolution which deserve admiration, the English, by a series of bold measures, showed the great value they attached to the friendship of Greece. They won and consolidated a position which they evidently will not relinquish to any other power. The more France urged a reduction of the territories of Turkey granted to Greece, the more vigorously Great Britain



defended the latter's claims. By winning the case for Greece, that government won a prestige and popularity in the latter land which is already resulting in valuable economic benefits. So shrewd have been the diplomatic manœuvres of the British that we now witness the following curious spectacle: England, still holding Cyprus, a strictly Greek territory, wins the devotion, enthusiasm and friendship of the Greeks, while France, which does not possess an inch of Greek territory, and has nothing which the Greeks might wish, sees that nation turn its back on her and consider her, if not an enemy, at least an unreliable friend.

In outward appearances the coöperation between England and Greece looks only to the control of Constantinople, policing the straits, and watching over Ottoman affairs in a general way. But large as this order is, it is only part of the task which Greece must accomplish before its future is assured. That country must adjust its relations with the other Mediterranean powers, and in particular with Italy. It must stand on the defensive toward its Balkan neighbors. It must meet the Russian problem, which is bound up with the whole Slav question and threatens to dominate increasingly the politics and destinies of the whole eastern world.

At the present moment the relations between Italy and Greece, if not cordial, at least are courteous. Venizelos has made a very important concession to Italy by renouncing in its favor the rich valley of the Meander and an important port in the gulf of Ephesus. In return Greece has obtained the support of Italy in the Supreme Council for its claims in Thrace, and will probably likewise get back the Dodecanese Islands. However, this friendship goes no deeper

than the surface; the interests of the two countries are too divergent to permit sincere good will. Even the return of the Dodecanese Islands will have but a relative value, since Italy intends to retain Rhodes, which in respect to wealth and population is more important than all the rest of the group. Now as long as a Greek island, like Rhodes, remains separate from its mother country, and the question of the Southern Sporades remains open, there will be ground for continued distrust and controversy between Italy and Greece. Furthermore, in Asia Minor, Italy, instead of coöperating with its neighbor, is doing exactly the reverse. By improving its new port, Scala Nova in the Gulf of Ephesus, it is creating a rival for the Greek city of Smyrna. Italians have also ensconced themselves in the Gulf of Adramyte, where they menace Greece from another direction. Furthermore, placing the Anatolian hinterland under Italian protection gives that country control of the territories upon which Smyrna depends for its prosperity. Consequently, the future relations of the two countries in Asia are far from promising, and the day will probably come when Greece will need the powerful buckler of Great Britain to protect it from Italian aggression.

Bulgaria is another black point on the horizon. We know that Mr. Stamboulisky had tried to reach an agreement with Greece; but on a basis which the latter government could not consider. He wished Greece to leave western Thrace to Bulgaria, thus renouncing its control of western Thrace. Disappointed in this, and likewise defeated in making Thrace an autonomous state, which Bulgaria might have absorbed later as it did eastern Roumelia, Bulgaria is now seeking closer relations with the other Balkan powers. If it assures itself of the

neutrality of Yugoslavia and Roumania in an eventual war with Greece, it is certain to make immediate preparations for an attack upon its southern neighbor, in order to reconquer the Ægean coast, the shores of Marmora, and the approach to Constantinople. It has already excited the distrust of Roumania toward Greece, by representing to that country the danger presented to its own interests by the extension of Greek influence on the Black Sea and the Straits. With the Yugoslavs Bulgaria uses the argument of racial solidarity — an old song forgotten during the war, and temporarily displaced by that of Pan-Touranism — and by keeping alive the Monastir controversy and that of Saloniki, where Serb territorial and commercial interests conflict with those of their southern neighbor. Now the geographical situation of new Greece is such that the Bulgarian danger, sufficiently serious in any case, has greatly increased by the facilities the present frontiers afford for a rapid descent from the Rhodopos Mountains to the Ægean.

Since Roumania is interesting itself increasingly in central Europe, and as a consequence has lost its former concern in Balkan questions, it is certain that Greece will have no other recourse than to cultivate the friendship of Yugoslavia. The kingdom might thereby acquire for itself a valuable and durable guaranty against Bulgarian threats. Unhappily the Greeks have a hereditary dislike and distrust of the Slavs. The Slavs mean to them the northern invader, an alien avalanche that ever impends above their heads. The enlargement of Servia, which is now a state of twelve million inhabitants, has greatly increased this dread. Yugoslavia is suspected of a design of continuing its old program of expansion. While the Bulgarians are

intriguing at Belgrade to excite the Serbs against Greece, the Italians are intriguing at Athens to prevent Greece from becoming friendly with Yugoslavia. It is this preoccupation on Italy's part which explains all the concessions of more or less durability and sincerity which its diplomats have felt it expedient to make to Greece. When we look the ground over carefully, we are forced to conclude that the interests of the government at Athens will be more compromised by a break with the Adriatic Slavs than with the Italians. The conflict of interest between Greece and Italy will always be an insurmountable obstacle to real friendship between them. But Greece would derive a vast advantage from allying itself with the Yugoslav nation, which in case of an Italian-Greek war would be powerful enough of itself to intimidate Italy, and which, on the other hand, by its influence upon the Slav nations, might avert all danger of invasion from that source. No doubt, Italy is seeking to sow incurable discord between Yugoslavia and Greece, in order to strike both enemies easier when they are divided. That fact alone ought to decide both Greece and Yugoslavia to close political coöperation, since such coöperation is the best guaranty for the security of each.

When all these matters are finally arranged, Greece will still face two problems, that of Turkey and that of Russia. The Turkish problem is not all-important of itself. The present Turk nationalist agitation, though it may not be artificial and may represent a true popular movement, is likely to disperse itself in petty unsystematic efforts and thus sacrifice all hope of success. The Turks must make headway, not only against Greek armies in Smyrna but also against those of England on the Sea of

Marmora, of Italy at Heraclea and Adalia, and of France in Cilicia. The Russian problem is quite different. Its dimensions are intimidating. But it does not demand immediate solution, and therefore for the time being is not engaging public thought. It is a problem of to-morrow, while the others are problems of to-day. None the less, it will hold an important place in Greek diplomacy for two

reasons. In the first place, the declarations of the Moscow government attack the very foundations of the treaty of peace with Turkey, and constitute a Russian veto against an arrangement in which Greece is one of the principal beneficiaries. In the second place, out of Russia is flowing a current of thought whose impact Greece will be one of the first countries to receive.

[*Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory), June 28]

## RADICALS PREPARING FOR ACTION

ON April 26 an international conference was held at Constance, at which the revolutionary proletariat of the countries represented drafted the following appeal:

You have proved by years of continual struggle that you are ready to make every sacrifice for the attainment of our proletarian ideals. The indescribable and incredible oppression and persecution of international capital has not broken your spirit or bowed your heads. Your resolution is as strong as ever. Now rally to deliver such a blow as international capital has never before received. Long live solidarity! Long live the Third International! Long live the class struggle!

This convention, before adjourning, adopted the following program, for which preparations were to be completed by the 15th of June, 1920:

I. France: Scattered strikes, crippling troop transportation of the Entente. Delivery of food to the revolutionists.

II. Italy: A general strike with simultaneous armed revolt.

III. Holland: Scattered strikes, crippling troop transportation. Delivery of food to the revolutionists. \*

IV. Switzerland: General strike, to be followed by armed uprisings.

V. Austria: General strike with an immediate armed uprising extending to Hungary.

VI. Hungary: Assistance for the Austrian armed uprising.

VII. Germany: General strike, developing into an armed uprising.

VIII. Poland: General strike and immediate uprising with the assistance of revolutionary soldiers.

This proclamation is signed by von Platen, Punze, and Drzimallak. At the motion of Comrade Mrs. Zetkin, it was unanimously decided to distribute at once a circular demanding an immediate resumption of relations with Soviet Russia. Furthermore, the following telegram was sent to the Communists of Austria: 'The Communist party of Germany thanks you for your fraternal greetings and hopes that the time has at last come when the laboring classes will seize actual power, and establish a Soviet republic and dictatorship of the proletariat.'

How far preparations went in the eight countries named, with the exception of Germany, has not come to our knowledge. We have fairly accurate data as to Germany. At Halle a list was taken from a courier of the

Red army giving the strength of the Red forces.

This memorandum, which is tabulated according to army departments and army divisions, shows that in the neighborhood of four hundred and ten thousand Bolsheviki are enrolled members of revolutionary militant organizations, and that they have in their possession, in addition to small arms, 10,870 machine guns, 290 flame throwers, 700 mine throwers, and 420 field-pieces. Readers should bear in mind that this list covers only part of Germany. The sources from which war materials were obtained are in some cases indicated; but there are no data as to where they are at present concealed. The courier who carried this list stated that the armed Red army, actually equipped, numbers 400,000 men, and that it includes an equal number without arms.

An advertisement inserted by the District Committee of the Social Democratic party in Greater Berlin, in *Vorwärts* of April 15, proves that it is planned to call upon the Majority Socialists as well as the Radical Socialists to join the revolt. That notice reads as follows:

Party comrades! The trade union alliance will, as already made public, send out lists in which every wage-earner, salaried employee, or government official, can enroll his name, if he is prepared to defend the republic with arms in its struggle with our domestic enemy. Comrades! We appeal to you to enroll at the first opportunity. Every man capable of bearing arms is obligated to offer himself for the protection of the republic. Don't delay. Let every man do his duty.

*Vorwärts* and the Local Committee will naturally assert that they merely intend to defend the republic, and will prudently refrain from giving any indication of when they consider it will be necessary to employ weapons against their domestic enemies. They are in favor not only of arming the

working classes, but of disarming all the rest of the population, especially the bourgeoisie. Otherwise they would not have supported the motion of the Independent Socialists, presented at the meeting of the Berlin city council on May 12, worded as follows:

Moved; that the Local Defense Guard of Berlin be disbanded immediately, and its arms be delivered to the municipal authorities. Moved, further, that the municipal authorities shall be authorized to form a Berlin Local Guard whose members shall be drawn from lists presented by the trade unions and civil servants' unions of every party.

Naturally this demand for the disarmament of the bourgeoisie and likewise of the National Guard, is also made in other places than Berlin. The weapons surrendered are naturally to be turned over to the Red Revolutionists, who will be in virtual possession of them as soon as they are in the hands of the Municipal Authorities. Meantime an effort is being made to persuade members of the national guard to deliver their arms directly to the working people. An appeal to its members contains the following:

You have no time to lose. You must act quickly. No harm will come to the soldier who voluntarily surrenders his weapons. Many thousands have already done so, and have returned home in security without molestation. Officers who have done the same are likewise unmolested. Take warning, soldiers; act as your conscience dictates. Down with your arms. From this day on there is only one password in Germany: Peace and freedom. Peace in the cottage! War in the palace!

In a circular addressed to the local groups of the North Western Department, urging men to enroll in the local defense forces, we read:

Esteemed comrades! Our experience during the Kapp revolt has taught us anew that one of the most urgent duties of the working people is to arm themselves. In place of the Public Defense Force, which we demand shall be disbanded, we are organizing local guards in each

district, to be composed mainly of working men and salaried employees. We urge our party comrades to enroll in these new organizations. In case the man offering to enroll is required to take an oath to defend the constitution, he should not hesitate for that reason. Such an oath will have only the same force as the oath formerly demanded of social democratic members of the Prussian Parliament to defend the old Prussian constitution. Our party comrades must be fully armed. For the time being it is a matter of indifference how they get those arms. In most localities only Trade Union members will be permitted to enroll in the local guard. Ordinarily their party affiliation will not be inquired into. Nevertheless, it is desirable that those members of the local guard who belong to the Communist party should get together and form a sort of inner circle.

We learn in a report coming from Suhl, in Thuringia, how little importance the Red insurgents attach to the source from which they get their weapons. This report states how the radicals in that district obtained arms. Evidence is presented that the uprising there was no spontaneous movement of the people, but a carefully planned and worked out scheme for a sudden attack upon the bourgeoisie. Several munitions works were plundered and merchants were compelled by force to surrender arms and ammunition. The insurgents thus got possession of a great quantity of sporting arms, automatic pistols, and cartridges of every kind. These plundering expeditions were led by former employees of the establishments, and were accomplished by breaking in doors and windows. At the same time an effort was made to discover the hiding place of any arms, stores of provisions, and automobiles, owned by the bourgeoisie. The same policy is indicated by a Hamburg questionnaire sent out by the Communist party, the last question in which is especially informing. It reads:

Is a comrade ready to enlist in the National Guard, or the Public Safety forces as a spy?

A number of alarms and printed warnings have appeared to indicate that the people throughout the country are aware of the danger which threatens. A report of the Ministry of the Interior, dated May 17, 1920, containing the information presented by several military and civil authorities in Münster, indicates that the situation there is exceedingly critical. Local authorities throughout the Ruhr region state that only a few arms have been surrendered by the people, and that it may be assumed with certainty that a large number of weapons are still in the hands of the working classes. From 80,000 to 100,000 rifles are illegally detained in that region. Officials are constantly receiving threatening letters. Judges have been so intimidated by threats that several have refused to serve on the extraordinary military courts, especially in Dorsten and Essen. When the radical labor guard in Kiel, numbering 1400 men, dissolved, its weapons and equipment utterly vanished. In addition the working men at that place seized a deposit of 3000 rifles. Since March there has been a People's Guard at Hamburg, consisting of 35,000 men, a great majority of whom are ultra-radicals. At Rostock the labor guard took away 4100 rifles when it was disbanded, beside 21 machine guns and 12 cannon. In addition the local police of the city were recruited from the ranks of this organization. At Spandau the workers carried off more than 80,000 cartridges, and many guns which have never been recovered. The attempt to collect the arms in Berlin has been most unsatisfactory. The members of the former Red army who have converted themselves into the so-called Republican Volunteers, number 18,000. However, the focus of the communist preparations for an armed revolt is



really in central Germany and the Ruhr district. Between Hettstedt and Eisleben they have seized and effectively hidden 9000 rifles and 200 heavy machine guns. Arms are constantly being taken away from soldiers by the local guards. A particularly notable instance occurred at Sangerhausen on May 15. Although the troops have been able to maintain outward order in the Ruhr district, the spirit of revolt among the masses is unbroken. Of the 40,000 rifles which the insurgents took away from the Local Guard, and the 80,000 which they secured by other means, only 44,000 have been surrendered. At Remscheid the working men have concealed 10,000 rifles and four field-pieces. The evidence collected in Berlin makes it quite clear that the Communists, in association with other radical elements, are preparing for an armed uprising, originally planned to take place soon after the middle of June. The Constance protocol shows that this uprising is only part of an international conspiracy. These activities are closely associated with the propaganda bureaux at Copenhagen and Amsterdam.

[*Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory), June 3]

## THE WHITE TERROR

BY OSKAR MYSING

DURING the revolution which has prevailed in Europe for almost three years, a number of old epithets and bywords have been revived, reappearing like bloody spectres from the dusty corners of history where they have lurked forgotten. One of these terms is 'The White Terror.' No sooner do the middle classes rally to enforce law and order, no sooner does some mad military adventure lead to imprisonments, than the radical papers

run giant headlines protesting against 'A White Terror.' This White Terror, whether it be in Budapest, or Potsdam, or Pomerania, fires the fancy of every red journalist, who thinks it his duty to announce a reactionary conspiracy to his readers in every issue. How did the word originate? Where was it first used? It is a term handed down from the French Revolution, and became current after the bloody incidents that occurred in Southern France during the summer of 1815. At that time the Bourbon party in the cities of Southern France was engaged in a fierce struggle with the supporters of Napoleon and the Revolution. A short-lived reign of terror ensued, which caused a mighty commotion throughout the world in its day, and yielded nothing to its predecessor of 1793 in brutality and barbarity. Yet most people have forgotten that 1815 was a year of bloody civil war in France, which paralleled in many ways 1920 in Germany.

In the summer of 1815 France was a country against which the hand of every other land in Europe was raised. It was conquered, humiliated, threatened with partition. Napoleon had been defeated at Waterloo. An allied army of half a million men was either upon its soil or about to invade it. The nation was divided against itself. Wild anarchy reigned everywhere. Hostile factions existed in every department and every city. Each group with bitter anger charged its adversaries with responsibility for the great defeat. This discord was already present when Napoleon returned to France, and after a marvelous, triumphant procession of twenty days, reascended the throne. It was kept in the background so long as his mighty name intimidated the country, and the possibility of an ultimate victory remained; but now he was defeated and his supporters

were outlawed. The Bourbons had returned to Paris. At once the wildest party hatred burst forth, like the fires from a volcano; while foreign armies looked on with cynical joy to see Frenchmen engaged in mutual slaughter. Men loyal to the conquered Emperor, Jacobin rhetoricians, and the followers of the Bourbons, cut each others' throats. The last adopted the name *Miquelets* and formed partisan bands, which moved about the country and through the cities slaughtering anyone suspected of favoring Napoleon or the Jacobins. The supporters of the throne and the altar cherished a profound distrust of all their fellow citizens. The powerful army beaten at Waterloo was still a serviceable force south of the Loire. Napoleon still lingered a fugitive at Rochefort. The two might yet join, and the frightful threat of a military restoration remained. Napoleon had shown by his return from Elba that he possessed the power and the courage to take such a step. Even at the time of his previous return the country was by no means united. His devoted adherents were limited to his old soldiers, and to peasants in Northern, Eastern and Western France. For the first, Napoleon was a demigod and would speedily bring the whole world again to his feet. The peasants feared that the returned Bourbons would force them to give up the lands they had seized, and would restore the feudal privileges. Townsmen, especially those of property, did not want to see Napoleon win. They saw that his restoration boded interminable new wars and conflicts with every country in Europe. One of the principal points of dispute was the national flag. Nothing revived hatred against the Bourbons more than restoring the former White Lily Flag, which everyone had forgotten. The tri-color had been

borne by the armies of Napoleon from one end of Europe to the other. Twenty years of military victories had made every Frenchman love the blue, white, and red. The white flag was to them a symbol of defeat, of humiliation before the enemy, imposed upon them by their King. Thus felt the soldiers of Napoleon. The Bourbons insulted the self-respect of the people by their mere presence; for the nation could not and would not reconcile itself to being vanquished. Consequently peasants, townsmen, and soldiers viewed each other with bitter hatred, rallying to arms under their old party cries. Napoleon himself set an example; for when he returned from Elba he had sounded again the old revolutionary war cries of 1792.

These domestic conflicts assumed an acute form in the cities of the South. Here the people were conscious of a profound difference in race, temperament, and political belief from the people of the North. Here were old Roman cities containing ruins of the ancient empire — remnants of amphitheatres and temples; and populated by a talkative, restless, hot-headed race, whose blood was heated by the glowing sun which shone upon its treeless plains. The lower classes formed a dangerous mob, debased by license, idleness, and bad government. In the valley of the Rhone, Avignon and its territories had been part of France only twenty-four years. Prior to that the legate of Rome, who ruled the country for centuries, had permitted a license which has become proverbial. In Marseilles, which had already 400,000 inhabitants and ranked as the second city in France, a cosmopolitan mob made itself at home. All the jetsam and flotsam of the Mediterranean assembled here to live on the pickings of the great harbor. Napoleon's rule had never been loved

in this region, even in the days of his greatest glory. There were economic reasons for this. The Mediterranean ports, accustomed to trading with all the world, suffered bitterly under the English blockade. But the principal reason was the extreme centralization of authority, and the stern order which Napoleon had enforced. The population in the coastal districts, and in the Rhone Valley, witnessed Napoleon's return from Elba and his one hundred days' rule with bitter hatred in their hearts. It was not until one reached Lyon that the friends of the Emperor were numerous.

So when, on June 25, reports reached the south of the defeat at Waterloo and the abdication, a revolt at once broke out. Passions were unloosed. The working people and the mob were particularly embittered against the soldiers, just as they are in Germany today.

Marseilles began the insurrection. It called to its aid English soldiers from vessels in the harbor, and forced the garrison to retire to Toulon. A number of the unhappy Federals, as the Emperor's supporters were called, who were unable to get away, were immediately massacred. A colony of Mohammedans, which had settled here in the wake of Napoleon's Egyptian expedition, suffered severely. They were seized wherever they might be and thrown into the harbor. As the news of the abdication spread the disorders extended through the Rhone Valley, and the white flag was quickly raised over all its cities. Marshal Brune, commandant of the Coast Department, and an adherent of the Emperor, concentrated all his forces at Toulon in order to defend this important port and its war supplies. His situation was far from enviable, for the Austrians and Piedmontese were pressing over the border from one direc-

tion, while the English Admiral, Lord Exmouth, was threatening to bombard the city from the sea. At the same time civil war raged in the town itself. At last in order to prevent foreign forces from invading the country farther, Brune decided on July 24 to recognize Louis XVIII, and lay down his command. After raising the white flag over the walls of Toulon, he departed with a small escort to report to Paris. But he was not able to escape. At Toulon itself the Royalists seized the opportunity as soon as he left to incarcerate three hundred persons classed as 'suspicious,' in the casemates of Fort Lamalgue, where they were left for five days without any food. But this treatment was comparatively mild. Worse things happened at Avignon, where immediately after the restoration of the King, the Royalists, led by a certain Major Lambot and an adventurer named Pointu, seized the government and inaugurated a campaign of terror against their opponents. Almost every day for three months people were executed without trial. The Federals were thrown into the Rhone or shot down. A master baker was cooked in his own oven 'as a joke.'

At Nimes and Montpellier bloody street battles followed the arrival of the news of the abdication. Here the Royalists hunted down retired Imperial officers and Federal leaders like wild beasts. Four, six, eight, and on one occasion fifteen men, were slaughtered in a single day, and the carnage lasted for weeks. Around Nimes, the antagonism between the Catholics, who were rigid Royalists, and the members of the scattered Protestant congregations, played a part. The latter were assumed off-hand to be Bonapartists. The soldiers garrisoning Nimes were induced by promises to withdraw from their barracks leaving their weapons behind. While they were marching through the

streets unarmed, they were attacked by a Royalist mob and slaughtered almost to a man. As late as August prisoners suspected of loyalty to Bonaparte were dragged from their cells and shot without ceremony. The unbounded hatred of the mob was wreaked upon anyone supposed to have been a soldier. To wear a uniform was to be an enemy.

The most famous crime of this period was the assassination of Marshal Brune in Avignon on August 2. That unhappy commander, while returning to Paris from Toulon, permitted himself to be persuaded, through the error or negligence of a man in charge of the post service, who wanted to change horses there, to enter the dangerous city, although he knew that its people hated him. His coach was again safely out of the city, however, when the Marshal was recognized by a lawless crowd on the open highway, and was forced to return to Avignon. He was besieged there in the post headquarters, where the prefect and other officers tried to rescue him. A raging rabble demanded his head and the little garrison of gendarmes offered but weak resistance. Eventually the mob forced an entrance. Brune fell, struck by several musket bullets. His corpse was dragged through the streets and cast into the Rhone. About the same time General Ramel was assassinated at Toulouse. In that city a band of murderers and convicts formed an organization known as the *Verdets*, taking that name from the green jaeger uniform of the Counts of Artois. Ramel had indeed declared in favor of the Bourbons after Napoleon's abdication, but he was regarded by the Royalists as a half-hearted convert. He was attacked by a mob of *Verdets* on the street, and received a serious gunshot wound; but succeeded in escaping to his residence. There the bloodthirsty

rabble fell upon him again with swords and clubs, beating him so that he died twelve hours later. Assassinations continued throughout Southern France until the following December. Military courts were then established, whose summary proceedings continued to satisfy the keenest thirst for vengeance, but by comparison with what preceded seemed almost merciful.

It is well perhaps that veil has been drawn by history over the brutalities and atrocities of that bloody year. France, crushed by requisitions, cessions of territory, and demands for indemnity, lay quivering helplessly in its misery. Yet it suffered even more from its sense of weakness and its wounded national pride than from its physical losses. The former sentiment was mainly responsible for the widespread civil conflict. It was the sentiment of Minister Richelieu when, at the close of the conference at which he was forced to sign the Treaty of Peace, he turned, pale as a corpse, to his colleagues and hoarsely remarked in despair: 'I am dishonored. After signing this I should lose my head upon the scaffold.'

Many thought then that France had forever lost its position in Europe, — that it would be forever disunited, crippled, and mutilated. But the nation soon recovered its vitality, to the surprise of the world, as it had so often done before. A nation is never ruined except by its own acts. Eight years after the bloody incidents of 1815, France had almost completely recovered. It had restored its army and navy, and was in a position to conduct a successful foreign campaign in Spain. Its manufacturers had doubled their output since the fall of Napoleon. The foreign troops of occupation had been withdrawn, and the nation had recovered its old place in the European concert. Nothing is impossible for a

people, if they remain united and retain their self-respect and self-confidence. Those were the qualities to which France owed its recovery.

[*Der Tag* (Berlin Conservative Daily),  
June 14]

## IN RHENISH DOLLARIKA

BY 'RHENANUS'

TODAY a man hastens through Coblenz as quickly as possible. In the old days the city almost inevitably attracted me for a stay of at least some hours. My interest and delight in its old customs and manners never waned. During my many visits I never tired of the cosy old alleys and passages in the Moselle quarter. My soul expanded with pride and pleasure when I viewed the incomparable scenic setting of the city. On summer evenings I enjoyed loitering on the hotel terrace, by the side of the Rhine, and watching the massive cliffs and bastions of Ehrenbreitstein grow golden in the setting sun; following the great white tourist steamers bending their smoky course to the quay, and regarding the crowd of happy men and women who poured out of them and clustered on the banks. Tourists from every country in the world had come together to derive equal pleasure from a trip through the realm of the Rhenish romance. Violins played waltz music and the jolly voices took up the chorus of the old Rhine songs. Fair-haired ladies smiled and were smiled to in turn with uplifted glass. Then later in the evening there always was some garden arbor or some quiet nook in a *Kneipe* for connoisseurs and artists, where you met old friends and heard old tales, or made new friendships and drained bottles of good Rhenish wine. In those dreamy days of the past, which seem to us now like some myth vanished forever, such experiences were a matter of course.

To-day a man gets out of the city in all haste, in order to escape as quickly as possible the bitter contrast between then and now. It never occurs to a German traveler to call on his old friends; or even to ask whether they are still alive and have been fortunate enough to escape from defiled Rhenish soil. One seeks to avoid the echo of his own suffering — seeks to escape gazing upon a beloved face lined with torment, or weary and lifeless with resignation. A taste for sitting long over the care-banishing wine cup long since vanished. So let us be off and away as speedily as possible, across the river and into the depths of the green mountains beyond where we may hope never to see a Yankee face!

No one takes a street car if he can avoid it. They are packed to the utmost with tall lads in khaki, with a white 'A' on the round arm shield. To me they are intolerable living, foreign deformities in the Rhenish country, where they are as out of harmony as a cloister church would be upon a western prairie. Their companions please me even less than they do themselves. Seemingly the latter compete with their gallants in unabashed rudeness, loud gossip, and boisterous laughter. To judge from their accent these girls come from the country around the Westerwald Bridgehead, but to judge by their clothing they might well belong to the better classes of the city. Disappeared are the short jackets trimmed with silk ribbons, the bright bodices, and the head-cloths, in which the girls beyond Treves used to appear in Coblenz markets. This garb now lives only in the memory of the older generation. To-day these girls parade the streets in short coats, high yellow boots, and rich silk mantles. Only the bright discordant colors on their hats betray the origin of the wearers. To select a becoming bonnet a woman



must have better taste and a keener eye for color than these girls possess, or than their advisers, John from Texas, or James from Nebraska, even with their well-filled pocketbooks can supply.

All these American soldiers have an abundance of money and without exception they live regardless of expense. Their wealth flows into the pockets of bar keepers, merchants, and these girls, whom I have just described; but it increases the cost of living of everyone else, and thus rests like a curse upon the land. The prodigal expenditures of the American soldier have naturally been checked somewhat of late by the rising value of the mark; but even to-day they are so free with their money that many a peasant girl now has more spent upon her than she ever dreamed could happen in fairyland. Naturally most of these soldiers' companions are women of the lower classes; for most of these strangers from across the water, would hardly know how to behave in good society. None the less it is not unusual to see young women of the well-to-do country class and city middle class sitting quite at home with some American in a Coblenz dining-room, chattering away in a horrible mixture of bad English and German. The soldiers themselves are mostly slender, picked men of fine physique, with the good humor of great babies. They enjoy themselves immensely, and want everybody else to be equally happy and comfortable. Naturally they are more attractive in the eyes of our women than their gloomy, pessimistic, irritable German rivals. Many Americans have enlisted in the army of occupation from love of adventure. They have 'swapped' gladly a monotonous life on the farm for a jolly soldier life on the Rhine. In addition to their high pay many have independent incomes, and so are not to be despised as

future husbands. Therefore they drink our wine and court our daughters. Some of the latter marry happily; but most of them do not have so lucky an experience.

This thing will go on for many years longer. The thought is almost unendurable to a man hurrying through the streets or along the Rhine promenades of Coblenz. Try to ignore the presence of these foreign people as you will, you cannot wear blinders which will keep them out of your sight entirely. You are forced to realize that this beautiful Rhine city is being Americanized with appalling rapidity. Mammoth automobiles tear recklessly through the streets, shaking the adjacent houses to their foundations. At important corners a German policeman stands indicating when the road is free by a whistle, — an essential precaution; for the prairie boys insist on traveling at the highest speed. Young ladies of Coblenz are joking and joshing with the tall strangers, or making fun of an occasional French girl who has sought her fortune by following the Americans to this point. Show windows exhibit English signs and placards, English and French pictures and newspapers. English conversation dins in your ears from the open windows of the restaurants and bars. It is as though all the old customs, manners, and characteristics of this ancient royal town had been flattened out unrecognizably beneath some gigantic steam roller. It is the irony of fate that the Stars and Stripes should now wave here, where the population used to be fanatical admirers of the old Kaiser. There in the Castle Square, Rhenish cannoneers performed artillery practice for a century. On those heights the Empress Augusta lived, and her regiment of guards paraded up there above the green shrubbery of the Casino; and cannon thundered from the great fortress of

Ehrenbreitstein at every great German victory during those indescribably happy years of our former greatness. One should not dwell on such things; but these thoughts intrude themselves irresistibly when you pass along the streets of Coblenz.

I turn down into the narrow streets of old Coblenz in the nook between the Rhine and the Mosel. How happily men formerly lived amidst these picturesque surroundings, and sometimes recalled with a smile or a touch of sad reminiscence, the old, old days of the Electoral Princes. Those days of the eighteenth century, so full of artistic and refined enjoyment of the senses! These buildings survived the days of the emigrants, and one imagines that he still detects a trace of a lurking jovial smile on their weathered façades, which has been inherited from this period. It was a mad time, indeed, when the pleasure-loving French aristocrats crowded Coblenz. One of the lady writers of the period asserts that they were very popular; but on the whole they left little good fame behind them.

But that period was comparatively short, and its very frivolity lent it the grace and attractiveness for which the spirit of the century had paved way. This frivolous joyousness of the emigrants expressed itself in the gay forms and colors, which still pick out with their variegated background the baroque houses and the Electoral Palace. They organized a carnival which lasted several months, and beguiled the following summer with the continuous entertainments so expressive of a disappearing and decadent civilization.

But the Americans lack every trace of intellectual, cultural and historical community with the land and people of the Rhine. Their callous domination expresses itself destructively in one solitary field — that of Mammon. We realize that the soulful charm of the Rhine people, already crushed as they are by the war and blockade and uncertainty for the future and the distress of their Fatherland, will be destroyed utterly under the rule of foreign masters who measure everything in dollars.

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), May 30 and 31]

## FURTHER REPORTS FROM RUSSIA

BY HANS SUTTER

On Thursday, May 27, I met a train at the Baden Railway station, Basle, which was bringing home Swiss refugees from Russia. I had the privilege of attending the reception given them, and of interviewing most of them personally. They comprised people from all ranks of society, ranging from factory operatives to factory owners;

from high school students to school superintendents; from men who had lived in Russia four or five years to men who had resided there more than sixty or seventy years. I will not tarry to describe their condition on their arrival, or the difficulties of their journey out of the country. I shall limit myself to giving with as nearly photo-

graphic accuracy as is in my power a picture of conditions in Russia as described to me, in matter of fact language, by these fugitives. I am not adding a thought or observation of my own to what was told me, and I am not omitting a single detail in order to modify the picture.

### *General Conditions*

The outer appearance of a Russian city hardly needs describing. We have abundant information on this subject from other sources. No work has been done on the streets for years, and they are buried in mud. The bridges are dilapidated and often utterly impassable. Water works and drainage systems are not operating, and the accumulation of garbage and ashes and waste in Petrograd has made a veritable refuse heap of the city. The population has declined to about half a million. A million of the former residents have fallen the victims of famine and illness. Typhus and influenza wrought fearful havoc last winter. Medicines are not to be had. Naturally all who were able have fled the city. The Bolsheviks try to prevent this exodus, except in the case of old men and children. The street railways and steam railways have ceased operating. The only exception is that rarely and at uncertain intervals a train departs for some other city. Three-fourths of the locomotives are so out of repair as to be useless. The factories are silent. At Moscow only two or three are working, manufacturing war materials. So universal is the apathy and idleness that there is not even fuel for domestic use. Wooden pavements, houses, and furniture are broken up for this purpose. The food situation is indescribable. One cannot comprehend it without understanding the real purchasing power of average

incomes. Every person is compelled to work. A machine erector formerly in the employ of Sulzer & Co. gave me the following data: He earned 3750 rubles a month. One Russian pound or four hundred grams of butter cost 3000 rubles; one pound of grits cost 600 rubles; an egg 150 rubles; a pound of potatoes 130 rubles; a pound of bread 400 rubles; a pound of meat 1500 rubles. It is incomprehensible how people can keep alive under these conditions. No one has enjoyed the experience of having enough to eat for three years. It is true that provisions are still to be purchased in the markets of Petrograd and Moscow, but the prices are beyond the reach of ordinary people. A market stall rents from between 1000 to 3000 rubles a day, and even then the renter has no assurance that his place will not be raided.

### *Bolshevist Organization*

Everyone knows that the first thing the Bolsheviks did was to socialize and nationalize, or to use their own words, communalize private property. They seized not only private wealth, but also every kind of private business. There is no longer a public store or any other kind of a commercial house running as a private enterprise. Such establishments as are open are Soviet bookstores, Soviet restaurants, Soviet movies, Soviet shoe shops, and the like. The effect of this has been to make idlers of everyone. No one works. A man from Geneva, who had been a language teacher in Moscow for twelve years, said to me: 'It is not Bolshevism but laziness that is ruining Russia.' To be sure work is compulsory, and every man has some nominal occupation, but he does not do anything. There is no manual labor performed in industries outside of munitions works. Everyone wants to be a brain

worker. People get positions in offices where they write interminable documents for the Soviet government. Clerks must report at ten o'clock. Woe to a man who comes late; for punctuality has now been made a Bolshevik point of honor and tardiness may indirectly cost a man's life. When the clerks reach the office they smoke and chatter until exactly four o'clock, when they stampede for home. Compulsory labor is required of every resident of Russia, including the Swiss living there. No man can get a passport to leave the country without his labor card. Men are frequently stopped on the street and required to show their work ticket. A man without one is promptly arrested, and shipped to some compulsory labor colony. Manual labor is mostly done at the point of the revolver. This general testimony as to the distaste for work aroused my interest so that I inquired closely for its reason. The replies I received were of a threefold character: physical exhaustion due to protracted under-nourishment; absence of initiative and interest resulting from the abolition of private property; lack of things to work with, such as tools and machinery. For example, the peasant will cultivate only as much land as is necessary to supply his own family because anything above that amount would be seized by the government and paid for with Soviet paper money, of which he already has more than he knows what to do with. If you wish to buy anything from a peasant you must approach him with nails, clothing, shoes, thread, leather, or old Russian silver and gold coins. Another innovation is the separation of Church and State. For the most part the church is not interfered with and the village priest conducts services undisturbed so long as he refrains from attacking the Bolsheviks.

### *Military System*

The army is the sole really brilliant success of the new government. Russia has three different armies, of which only two are generally known: the White army, the Red army, and the Green army. The White army is fighting the Bolsheviks and has been known to the general public mostly through such leaders as Denikin and Kolchak. The Green army is composed of Bolshevik deserters; it gets its name 'green' from the fact that its members have mostly taken to the forests. It is no small body, being reckoned to contain several hundred thousand men. It gets its principal support from the peasants, who are friendly to it. Now and then a body of these people will rob a provision train. There have been regular battles between this army and the Red guard. Most important of all is the Red army, which is the organized Bolshevik force. None of my informants placed its strength below two million men; many of them thought it embraced three million. It is the corner-stone of the Soviet Republic. The troops do not resemble in any way English or French units, but they are brave and well disciplined. Many generals and other officers of the former Czar's army are serving with these forces. Its members receive the highest pay and the best food of any people in Russia. They are provided for first, and what is left over goes to the remainder of the community. They are by no means ill provided for. Plenty of new recruits are always eager to enter their ranks. None the less iron discipline is maintained and the slightest insubordination is punished with death. Trotzky, who presides over this military machine, is the most hated man in Russia. War supplies are the only things still made in the country, and

they are furnished in adequate quantities. However, a few weeks ago the largest munitions depot in Moscow was blown up, probably by Polish agents.

### *Bolshevist Courts*

What we have already said would give some clue to the state of private law and legal procedure in Soviet Russia. Any man who violates a government regulation is promptly called before the authorities, no matter how trivial the offence. Men were arrested merely because they tried to visit the Swiss Embassy, which had been withdrawn without their knowledge; and some were even imprisoned for considerable periods for this offence. Court procedure is summary. As a rule the prisoner gets no hearing whatsoever; imprisonment is usually the lightest sentence. Remarks against the Soviet government are punishable by death. Sixty to one hundred executions occur in Petrograd daily. Formerly the names of the persons executed were always published, but this has ceased for several months past. Of the six hundred Swiss refugees in this party, almost all had been in prison for at least a few months. Among the judges are some of the worst men in Russia. The only way to secure justice from them is by heavy bribes, not by proving that you are right.

### *Intellectual Life*

My questions regarding intellectual life in present day Russia were mostly met with a pitying smile. People are interested in only one subject: getting something to eat. There is no intellectual life, and no interest in intellectual things. Universities have declined into ordinary public schools, which profess to turn out competent engineers in three months. The numerous public schools which the Bolshe-

viki boast of having established are little more than soup kitchens for the children. My informants acknowledged that everything possible was done for the latter. Lenin has said on several occasions that he considers the present generation lost to the Communists. Its members have been educated to seek only their private interests; and the only hope is to train the children in different ideals. That explains why the latter are solicitously cared for. They are to be trained from infancy in Communist theories, and this constitutes practically all their education. The intellectual classes have been so impoverished, and so physically exhausted by unaccustomed tasks or manual labor, that they have starved or otherwise died out. Those who do survive have no facilities for study, and no books. Indeed there are practically no real books in Russia. A little volume of children's stories costs sixty or one hundred rubles. A scientific book cannot be purchased except with a government permit and at impossible prices. Consequently books are no longer part of the intellectual apparatus of the people. As to the libraries, many valuable collections were destroyed by ignorant mobs in the early days of the revolution. The only publications receiving wide circulation are the innumerable political writings of the Bolshevist leaders, especially those of Lenin himself. Movie shows, theatres, and concerts are still open, but they are not so numerous or so good as formerly. Scientific and political societies have practically ceased to exist; there is but one political party, the Bolshevist.

### *Russian Social Life*

Naturally the society people of the old régime have been completely exterminated. They have been replaced



by a parvenu élite of Bolshevik leaders. Lenin and the other men at the top try to set an example to the rest; they live in the utmost simplicity and unostentation. But their new power and prominence has gone to the heads of many. They have seized the palaces of the nobility, where they give brilliant soirées. They traverse the muddy streets in princely autos, and wear pearls and diamonds. They even have a fashion of their own. Just at present it is the vogue in these new higher circles of Petrograd to go about in high laced boots, riding breeches, and a Russian smock. While it is a fashion in some other countries to wear a monocle, a Bolshevik beau will wear a single diamond in one ear. Social usages in these circles resemble quite strikingly those among our parvenu war profiteers. It should be said in passing that family life in Bolshevik Russia has suffered seriously. Children are taken away to be brought up and educated in public institutions. There is little formal marriage, even normal registration before the Soviet authorities being omitted. Men are forced to theft and deceit in order to keep from starving.

May 1st was celebrated with great pomp. It was an official holiday; and everyone was compelled to take part in the processions. A man who refused to do so would have placed himself under suspicion for anti-revolutionary sympathies. Platforms were erected in all the parks and squares where speeches were delivered. An open air theatre was set up in the parade ground (Mars Field), and in the evening Bengal lights, rockets, and other fireworks were set off.

#### *Strikes and the Peasants*

Strikes occur in Soviet Russia despite the fact that everything is socialized. The last great labor con-

flict occurred four months ago and lasted five days. It resulted in an increase of 150 per cent in wages; but this was followed almost immediately by a tenfold rise (1000 per cent) in the cost of food. All the troops in Moscow were kept in readiness to act, and the leaders of the strike were arrested and shot. Their followers went back to work. The spirit of class solidarity does not exist; the working people are divided into bitter hostile parties.

At first the peasants were enthusiastic Bolsheviks, because they were allotted farms and became men of property; but when the government began to take away their crops and to leave them with one horse and one cow for every seven persons, they changed their attitude. They know nothing whatever about Communist theories; their only conviction is that it is better to own a piece of land yourself than to cultivate it for another person. As soon as they saw that it was planned to make them slaves of the Soviet, instead of slaves of the big landlords, they lost their sympathy for Bolshevism. Now they are bitter opponents of the government and sabotage it whenever possible. Their favorite devices are to cultivate as little land as possible and to help the Green army.

#### *Who are the Bolsheviks?*

Bolshevism is unpopular with other people besides the peasants and the intellectuals. A large fraction of the working people hate it. If you ask who are the true Bolsheviks, and how they have managed to keep control so long without the people behind them, the answer is that a majority of the population is indeed nominally Bolshevik; this is not from conviction but as a matter of policy. A registered member of the Communist party is more certain to get rations and better rations than his non-Communist

neighbor. All the government officials are Bolsheviki for practical reasons, and their number is legion. They are directly interested in maintaining a system which yields them not only influence and honor, but in many cases a liberal income. They employ relentless terror against their opponents. Even the mildest criticism of their measures may mark a man as a revolutionist and cause his death. This has taught the people to conceal their true opinions, and it is only in confidential private conversation that you discover how they really feel. I did not find among these Swiss refugees from Russia a single anti-Semite, such as we are hearing about from Germany; but these refugees were unanimous in saying that the real Bolsheviki were Jews. Nearly every man in the Soviet Republic who holds a position of power and influence is a Jew. Practically all the people who are able, in the defiance of the government, to make large incomes by private speculation in that country are Jews. It is as though the Jews were revenging themselves unconsciously and frightfully upon Russia for the persecutions they suffered from the previous government.

#### *Lenin and Trotzky*

Nearly all the Swiss refugees agreed in considering Lenin an idealist and an honest man at heart. He wants to do good, speaks the truth, and expresses his honest convictions. He has acknowledged repeatedly in his speeches that the present generation in Russia cannot be won over to communism, and that it is only using that institution for its selfish purposes. He bases his hopes entirely on the new generation, which he would inspire with the true communist faith. Lenin is no 'terrorist.' 'He is a real Russian.' So while Lenin enjoys the esteem of even his enemies, Trotzky is hated by all.

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The latter is the organizer of the Red army, a brutal preacher of violence, a genuine terrorist who will tolerate no opposition, who lines up and shoots his opponents. 'He is a true Jew.' Trotzky occupies one of the finest mansions in Moscow, and revels in fabulous luxury, while Lenin lives with the utmost simplicity.

#### *The End of Bolshevism*

Great diversity of opinions prevailed among my informants as to the future of Bolshevism. Although the Russian nation is almost a unit against the system, it will not exert itself to overthrow it. In the first place the people are too passive and obedient; in the second place they are exhausted by years of hunger and sickness; in the third place the Bolsheviki use relentless methods of terror to stifle in the seed the slightest intimation of opposition. These Swiss refugees were skeptical as to the value of a military invasion. Such measures merely revived the spirit of nationalism in Russia, and win support for the Bolsheviki, who are defending the country. This has been notably true since the present Polish offensive. A great wave of enthusiasm for a war against Poland swept through Russia. Everyone is up in arms against this hereditary enemy. It may be years and decades on the other hand before Bolshevism wears itself out if left to itself. The best prospect of its overthrow comes from the Red army itself. Its soldiers are first and foremost sons of Russia. They love their native country, and in the bottom of their hearts they hate and despise Bolshevism as an enemy of their country. When they have finally conquered the foreigners who are fighting the Bolsheviki they may then about face, refuse to obey their present masters, overthrow them, and set up a true democratic government.

## LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### THE ABBEY APPEAL

AN appeal, to which many Americans will lend a sympathetic ear, has recently been made in behalf of Westminster Abbey. In the words of the Dean of Westminster, 'the most historic and most beloved sacred building in the Empire is in danger of entering upon a phase of steady structural deterioration.' A special Westminster Abbey number of the *Times* is at hand with some alarming photographs. It is hardly within the possibility of reason that the English-speaking world will let this appeal fail. The Abbey is part of the heritage of us all. What a singularly successful monument it is — quite unlike the French Pantheon with its cold and lifeless spaces and commemorative figures of mean, third-rate little agitators and political *grandissimes* of no particular importance. Somehow or other the building fails to identify itself with the history of France. One can not people it with august ghosts. But the Abbey is noble and august. The monuments to forgotten folk with which the Abbey abounds give it an extraordinarily human appeal. It is as if the Fates had decreed that even the great should not destroy the great democracy of death.

All contributions in reply to the Appeal should be marked The Right Reverend, The Dean of Westminster, The Deanery, Westminster Abbey, London, S.W. 1. A roll containing the names of all contributors of five pounds and upwards to this Fund will be formed and duly preserved among the historic documents of the Abbey.

It is interesting to chronicle the philosopher Benedetto Croce's appointment to the office of Minister of Education in Italy. Up till now the control of education has been tossed about like a ball from the Freemasons to the clericals and vice versa. If education is to be saved from either of these saviors, it must be entrusted to a genuinely liberal man, who understands education in its noblest sense. Such a man is Croce.

THERE was a discussion in these columns, not long ago, of newspaper English. Our readers may be interested to compare the flowers of American journalism with the blossoms from a British garden. The *Daily Mail's* puff of the late Mlle. Deslys' jewels is really 'too too.'

We read of 'creamy pearls of splendid orient,' and the appetite of the intending purchaser was whetted with a reminder that they 'were once warmed by her white skin; that sinister diamond pendant rose and fell on her bosom.' Gaby, as we know, 'was the spoiled favorite of princes, the pet of millionaires; yet all the while there was a tender little woman's heart beating in that dainty, doomed little body.' Then there was 'one huge, baleful, yellow diamond that looks like a crystalized crime' and, the writer swears, 'has smelt much blood' and stared coldly down on dreadful human sacrifices.

It is cruel to have to add that the sale proved a 'frost,' *anglice* 'washout.'

WE regret to have to announce that the *Irish Statesman*, the weekly journal of the Irish Nationalists, has suspended publication. It was founded a year or so ago by Sir Horace Plunkett, and attracted to its columns the best elements in Irish political life. The *LIVING AGE* has frequently reprinted its articles.

THE following note by Mr. E. B. Osborn appeared recently in the London *Morning Post*, and will be read with interest by all who see, or think they see, an 'American' language in formation. The letter gives the English point of view. Readers may recall Mr. Mencken's book.

'Mr. Rupert Hughes, writing in *Harper's Magazine*, enters a patriotic plea for the independence of American literature. He plaintively laments that Transatlantic critics insist that "Englishese" is superior to "Americaneese," and so compel the local authors to write a language which they do not habitually speak, or, alternatively, to exaggerate the eccentricities of their own indigenous dialect. In either case they are guilty, he thinks, of an ineffectual snobbishness. "Americans who try to write like Englishmen," he insists, "are not only committed to an unnatural pose, but doomed as well to failure, above all among the English; for the most likable thing about the English is their contempt for the hyphenated imitation Englishmen from the States, who only emphasize their nativity by their apish antics. The Americans who have triumphed among them have been, almost without exception, peculiarly American. The fact is we cannot conceal ourselves. And if we could why should we want to? "To be offensively American is to be offensive at home as well as abroad. But to be amiably, gracefully, nobly

American is to be as fine as anybody can hope to be." So he advises his compatriots to sign a Declaration of Literary Independence, and to begin to write "Unitedstatesish," which he describes as "a brilliant, growing, glowing, vivacious, elastic language," poignantly appealing to a population of a hundred million persons, most of whom are omniverous readers and actually more ready to buy books than to borrow or steal them.

'Mr. Hughes, I must admit, speaks in most polite terms of the English literature that is made in England. He confesses himself a subject of King Shakespeare, and does not deny that we have produced literary giants since the political Declaration of Independence (which is written in the Johnsesque that still survives in leading articles), and are still producing them. He is kind enough to promise that, even when "United-statesish" (now doesn't it sound just like a charwoman scrubbing door-steps!) comes into its own, particular favor shall be shown to English authors "because a person who understands our language can get a rough idea of theirs without an interpreter — as a person who speaks Polish can understand a Russian or a Czech in simple communication."

'But what is to happen to Englishmen who want to understand books written in the brilliant, growing, glowing, vivacious, elastic "United-statesish" idiom? Well, they must provide themselves with glossaries and translations. That is all there is to it. And, judging by some of the American plays which get put on in London for reasons beyond my humble comprehension, there is already scope for such aids to understanding. Not but what it might be a more convenient course to take off all these American plays which, to speak with brutal frankness, simply bore me stiff — especially

those in which melodramatic "dough-boys" can be discerned winning the war with voice-grenades.

'The case for this Declaration of Literary Independence has now been stated to the best of my capacity. Seeing that a Presidential election is raging over there and thousands of orators are busy twisting the British Lion's tail, Mr. Rupert Hughes ought to get a large number of signatures. In so far as he is engaged in destroying the Bostonian tradition of obsequiousness to English models of style, Mr. Rupert Hughes has my sympathy. It is sincerely to be hoped that we shall soon have heard the last of the steep-browed *snobisme*, expressed in sniffs that wax at times to a "thunderous huff-snuff," which sets the weak and colorless Longfellow above "God's Fool," Mark Twain, and cries down O. Henry, who has shown us the very soul of New York, as merely a maker of the "inept laughter," which the Latin tag condemns as the most inept of all things.

'So far, so good; all English critics, who rejoice in the mystical stories of Hawthorne, the tender idylls of Whittier, the wise jewels of Emerson who revived the very intonation of Sir Thomas Browne's majestical thought, and the Homeric horsensense of Walt Whitman, will wish Mr. Hughes victory in his crusade against literary snobbishness. And I, at any rate, am well content that an American language should live and grow and be victorious, with the same freedom to be itself as must be conceded to the Doric speech of Scotland, that elder sister of our rich and noble English.

'Let the American writers of prose and verse cherish the old Shakespearian words, which have survived in their vernacular, though lost to ours, and let them make the best use of the so-called "slang" which really consists

of the new similes and metaphors that grow inevitably out of new conditions of living. But it is absurd to hope for the establishment of an anti-English diction called "Unitedstatesish" — the mere fact that Mr. Hughes has to give it such a grisly and ridiculous name demonstrates its impossibility. Which of a hundred street-dialects, spoken by unassimilated emigrants from every quarter of the world, is to be the basis of this ear-rasping jargon? Would Mr. Hughes select the dreadful amalgam of Yiddish and low-down slop-shop *argot*, barely recognizable as English in substance, which is the one ubiquitous dialect of American city life?

'But if he prefers the clean, clear mother-tongue, which the great American writers have adapted to such high purposes, then he gives away his whole case for linguistic separation. In point of fact he confutes himself — for his article, which is given in a miscellany section, significantly entitled "The Lion's Mouth," is written throughout in English, without a single colloquialism of American origin! Indeed, his dissertation is an omen of his impotence, a species of *Bos locutus est* in fact. And he is not so foolish as to attempt to deny that, even at the present moment, our young poets and novelists are setting the pace for the American world and giving it daily object lessons in the literature of power. America has not a Masfield, nor a Robert Nichols, nor a Walter de la Mare — nor a Conrad, nor a Compton Mackenzie, nor even a Galsworthy. Let me once more indulge in an argument of British brutality. We can get along quite well in literature without understanding the Americans — just as Athenians could dispense with a knowledge of the thoughts, if any, of the people of wealthy Sybaris and populous Croton. But they cannot get along without understanding us.'



A PLEA on behalf of the word  
'amazing.'

*Amazing*:— poor, ill-treated, outraged word!

It has no meaning now:— it is absurd!  
The worn-out hack of every scribbling dunce

*Amazing* was a sprightly filly once  
When old George led her from the Box  
Hill mews

To run 'The Amazing Marriage': but  
the *News*

(Job-master to the cruelest of crafts)  
Has dang'd her night and day between  
the shafts

For thirty years:— tamed by the  
Fleet Street gang

Sadly she plods her wooden parasang  
Roaring aloud; the least-observed of  
nags:

What wonder is it that she droops and  
flags

Though once so full of fire and sinewy  
grace?

Might not some other word, less com-  
monplace,

Now take her turn, and let *Amazing*  
pass

Out of the press, and end her days at  
grass?

G. Mackie.

FROM the rugged mountains of the Cevennes there appears a young shepherd, Paul Dardé, whose amazing power of sculpture has taken France by storm.

Shepherds from the time of David the Psalmist have often been poets, and I feel that Paul Dardé was fortunate in his calling. In his studio, once the home of the great Rodin, he points to a head that he carved with his knife when he was keeping watch over his sheep at the age of twelve, and to a very striking Mephisto which

was completed in the following year. And so, he tells us, he continued in his leisure hours, between spells of work in farm and forest, giving obedient expression to the spirit that burns within him, and feeding his fires of inspiration with the masterpieces of Shakespeare and Dante. 'Young artists!' he exclaimed the other day, 'beware of turning out pictures or statuary for Snobs. That is not art. If you want your work to throb with emotion, take no heed of these, but steep yourselves in the poetry and traditions of the Middle Ages.' At the age of twenty, young Dardé entered for a short course of training at the École des Beaux-Arts, as a preliminary to a longer tour through the treasure-houses of Italy, where he reveled in the glories of ancient sculpture.

On his return he spent a week or so with Rodin at his studio, then returned to his home in the Cevennes. But now Fate interfered, perhaps, with his fortunes; for the trumpet call of war drowned the sweet notes of his muse, and he marched with his regiment to battle. From that great ordeal this genius, more favored than many of his comrades, has emerged unscathed and, by the strength of his two great masterpieces, has opened for himself the gates of the Temple of Fame. It has been well said that 'Success is a strong wine which causes some men to stumble while others are spurred on by it to greater endeavor and to loftier heights.' Those who have been privileged to observe this stalwart young artist at work in his new quarters, quiet and truly careless of the noise that his name has made, have confidence in his future. The dawn of him is bright with the promise of a glorious noon.

[Land and Water]  
MODERN NUISANCES

BY A. P. HERBERT

THE Gloomy Dean has been severely taken to task for his lecture on the 'Idea of Progress'; and I have no doubt that the man is as wicked as they say; but if he meant that progress seems to be a process of making life more and more unpleasant, I am inclined to agree with him. If that was his real text, and if Madame Melba had done her Wireless Sing before he delivered his lecture, it would have been a good illustration of his melancholy theme. Madame Melba's Wireless Sing—apart from the fact that, like all other scientific achievements of modern times, it was just a great big advertisement for Lord Northcliffe—seems to me to be a deplorable affair. It is one more nail in the coffin of privacy and quietude. It is one step further towards universal crossness, lunacy, and indigestion. For it is not Bolshevism, but Progress, that will destroy the world; we shall simply fizzle out in the end from sheer irritation and nervous strain under the burden of scientific innovations arranged by the *Daily Mail*.

Think of the mechanical or scientific additions to the apparatus of life which have made life most hideous in the past few years and sapped most surely at our national character. Ha! I have heard it said that the decay of the British Empire will be dated by history from the introduction of the field telephone, because from that date the sturdy independent Public School administrator at Bimaboom no longer shot the rebel tribesmen at

sight, but rang up some superior for instructions instead, while the tribesmen departed intact. This is very true. And that baneful tendency was aggravated by the arrival of the typewriter, after which, whatever instructions the superior officer gave, he felt bound to have six copies made of them and send them off to several other superiors, each of whom had six more copies made of them.

All this, I say, is sadly true. People fondly thought the war was a marvel of organization because everybody except the sentry had a telephone and everybody but the Company Cook had a typewriter. The truth is, of course, that the war would have ended in 1914 if there had been no typewriters and no telephones; very likely it would never have begun. Nobody could take the simplest action without first ringing up four or five other people, and nobody could utter or write the simplest observation without having six copies made of it, and either sending them off in all directions till they began to clog the channels of transport, or simply piling them up at the office till the files began to burst and the rooms began to overflow, and it was necessary to ask for more buildings to keep the copies in and more staff to keep them dusted. If you subtract the amount of time that was wasted in this way from the total duration of the war you will see that I am right in saying that the war would have ended in 1914. It works out at about November 29th.

Then there is the aeroplane. Where flight is concerned I confess that I am an obstructionist, a reactionary, a dirty Tory. I hate aeroplanes. I loathe the very word flight. Every bird I see reminds me of an aeroplane and makes me shudder. Almost the only satisfactory feature of the Peace is that there are fewer aeroplanes about. In the war it was terrible; wherever one went, wherever one looked, one heard aeroplanes, one saw airmen buzzing and booming, both of them. And yet people blame the government for not encouraging 'civil aviation.'

Civil aviation, when properly developed on modern commercial lines, will be a thousand times worse. There will be no peace at all. It will be no good owning a 'quiet' house; it will be no good knowing a quiet wood; it will be no good fleeing for rest to one's favorite haunt in the country; it will be no good climbing to the top of a high mountain. Wherever one goes one will hear the horrible booming and buzzing; there will be no quiet place anywhere. Motorists motor now along the tops of the South Downs (curse them!). Aviators will aviate over the tops of the Alps (damn them!). And even if they invent a silent aeroplane one will still *see* the horrible things. I hope nobody still pretends that an aeroplane is beautiful. People used to pretend that. I hope they see now that it is an ugly, bony, displeasing object. It is only beautiful when the sun is shining, and it is about two miles up and it is almost totally obscured by shrapnel bursts or clouds, and you can't hear it. It is about as beautiful as a motor-bicycle, and far less useful.

And now we have this wireless menace. Wireless telegraphy was tedious enough; as it is, whenever one commits the tiniest murder one is hounded down and arrested by wireless

in the s.s. *Argantic*. But wireless telephony seems to me to spell the end of civilization. There are still villages where one cannot be pursued on the telephone; and there are still a few ships without wireless; and there are still a few woods thick enough to hide one from the aeroplanes; but I can think of no way to escape the wireless telephonist. One can, of course, refuse to be a subscriber oneself, but wherever one goes there will always be some officious person who will willingly 'oblige' by taking a message and all the rest of it. The gamekeeper and the square-leg umpire and every porter will have a set, even the bathing machine attendant. There will be no escape.

And I cannot get enthusiastic about this Wireless Singing. It is true, of course, that when a prima-donna is singing one would usually enjoy it more if one could not see her; but that can be arranged by having a screen on the stage, without making her go 1000 miles away. Yet there is an awful fascination in that kind of thing. I was in a hospital once which had a theatrical electrophone at the head of each bed. It was horrible. One simply had to listen. It was very uncomfortable, and it made one's ears sore, and one's pipe kept going out, and one was never sure whether it was Mr. George Robey or Mr. Gerald du Maurier talking. Yet one listened. On Sunday mornings we were switched on to a church in Soho, and one even listened to that.

But even that is not the worst. When they have mastered the transmission of sound by wireless they will begin on the transmission of sight. Then, of course, you will actually *see* the face of the man who rings up and asks you if you are the Midland Railway or the Coliseum; then it will be no good saying that your wife is in bed

because the bore will see your wife sitting behind you in the armchair. And then, instead of only hearing, and reading, and feeling Lord Northcliffe on every hand, one will *see* Northcliffe wherever one goes. Pictures of Lord Northcliffe will be flashed by wireless on the sky. The moon will carry a permanent portrait of Lord Northcliffe. All the stars will be little miniatures of Lord Northcliffe at various ages. The whole firmament will be one vast advertisement of Lord Northcliffe. . . .

I agree with the Dean.

[*The Nation*]

## AN ENGLISH SCHOOLBOY AND 'DEADWOOD DICK'

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

Richard Bullock, the original 'Deadwood Dick,' has died in a Californian sanatorium, at the age of 75. He was of Cornish birth.—*Daily Paper*.

It is wonderful how our lives go joyously along in the main and how, in spite of the pessimists, the sun shines. Anatole France once said that he proposed to speak of himself *apropos* of Shakespeare, Racine, Pascal, and Goethe. I would somewhat adapt the phrase and say that I here propose to speak of Deadwood Dick *apropos* of us all. It will be a personal paper, but my *moi* will surely serve for many men. So let me tell you:

Thirty years ago there was a great wave of objection to all save hard facts. At its height it caused even *Robinson Crusoe* to be barred to some boys. They had to plead that he was founded on Alexander Selkirk (or Selcraig) of Fife, before his bonfire on a rocky ledge and his colored parrot could be theirs. The yearnings for picturesque romance were responsible for many young people's knowledge of

Borrow's *With the Bible in Spain*. To the well-intentioned elders the title was the book's passport. To the young people, as they read, the title seemed as what (during the war) we called 'camouflage.' Sometimes, indeed, youth enjoyed it so obviously, pored over it as it simply could not pore over *Ministering Children*, that suspicions were aroused.

As for Jules Verne: he must be mentioned, in despite of those critics who, missing the point, may say that here is a lumping together of names without 'critical faculty.' As for Jules Verne, then, he was looked upon too often not as the great author of *The Secret of the Island* and *Abandoned*, but as—I do not use the phrase in any but the literal sense—a Damned Liar. But the world is not as terrible as the pessimists would make out. In those days there rose to our succor a firm called The Aldine Press, which published the O'er Land and Sea Library, the Ching Ching Library (for once I am moved to obey the terrible advertisement of a certain typewriter firm and put the force of emphasis into my typed matter) and the Deadwood Dick Library.

On a dun day in Glasgow, thirty years ago, I espied a brightness among the schoolbooks of one of my fellows; and the brightness (here's the word used in its exact sense, perhaps) intrigued me.

'What's that?' I inquired.

He produced a slim brochure, which he handed to me. I held it; I gazed upon it; I felt a wonderful—how shall I call it?—something deeper than thrill. That bibliophile, my grandfather, William Waterson Niven, chief of the old Glasgow Public Library, must surely have smiled down on me from Elysium. He would understand. On the cover of this, my first find in the realms of print, was a glamorous pic-

ture of the head of a man. He wore a big hat, and a mask was over his forehead and cheek-bones. The eyes looked out splendidly. Over him was written:

#### DEADWOOD DICK.

(I should like the printer to put his name in the centre of the column), and underneath were the words

#### THE OUTLAW OF THE BLACK HILLS.

'You can have it if you like,' said my school-fellow. He told me part of the story, but only enough to whet my interest. 'I won't tell it all; I don't want to spoil the reading for you,' said he.

I have forgotten how it was that I knew I had to keep my possession secret from adults; and it is scarcely worth while to fidget over a résumé of the possible reason or collection of reasons. The possible reasons are obvious. I recall that now and then I urgently desired to communicate the stories for the benefit and delectation of those very adults who condemned such form of bookishness. From the brink of that self-exposure I retired, on such occasions, holding my peace. The only way to communicate, if communicate I must, was to say that a boy had told me the yarn! But such a method led to complications, and I knew that silence was best.

How I cherished my Deadwood Dick! Well do I remember the shop under the Caledonian Railway bridge in Argyll Street, with a bright window full of him and his fellows. But even in fiction his terrestrial life could not last for ever; and his son (Deadwood Dick Junior) lacked some of his sterling qualities, although bringing other sterling qualities that the father had lacked. Dick Junior was a detective, retrieving the family honor; the father having been a Hold-up Man. *Chacun à son idée*. Mine was Deadwood Dick

— Senior. I have forgotten exactly how he robbed the stage-coach that ran from the Platte through the sand-hills of North Nebraska and on into the Black Hills and Deadwood. I have forgotten even if the express messenger was killed by him; but I have never forgotten the country into which he led me.

I think, though it is long since I have conned these classic volumes, that the descriptions of the mining camps must have been well done. I know that the first mining camps I saw, when I went West at twenty, kept reminding me, in the most insistent way, of the covers of these cherished booklets. When I was a boy, and could travel only on the atlas, Deadwood Dick took me up winding roads between scattered bull-pines into quick-rising hills. The trees were very tall. The forest glades were very quiet. I sometimes wish I had a complete set of the stories in my library now, to turn to occasionally from the classics of the schools and from the discoveries of the coteries which are thrust at us with an intolerance worse than that which accompanied the advocacy of *Ministering Children*. What are these compared with Deadwood Dick, donning his mask, and riding down the North Platte road in the golden twilight of youth?

His flights into the hills were tremendous. They atoned a hundredfold for the egg-like wales upon our wrists delivered by a soulless mathematical master for deficiencies in trigonometry. By the valor of Deadwood Dick I learned how to take a 'licking' from that callous teacher. It was, by the way, only a literature master, I remember, who had any sympathy with our affection for the Outlaw of the Black Hills. Finding us at our devotions, he used to tell us of books that would delight more, seeing we liked these, instead of robbing us of them



and chastising us for possessing them.

To return to Deadwood Dick: he led me through the mountains, they drawing closer and wildly dark. He turned aside from the wagon-road where a trail led off. The trail was fairly clear. Here and there, between the tree-tops, was a glimpse of a mountain wall beyond. Shafts of sunlight swept down into these hushed 'mountain fastnesses.' From that trail again he went on, after stopping and listening to the silence a moment, and breathing his horse. 'Breathing his horse,' 'watering his horse'; what good phrases they are! No boy and no healthy man but should be moved at the sounds. I follow Dick through the solitudes of tall timber awash with the scent of balsam, on into the thickest forest, on into a cañon. Cañon is a great word. It is one of the *open sesames*. The man who can't feel better saying 'cañon' is, I should think, *done for*; he might just as well go offhand to Moscow or Petrograd and write tomes, masterly and maudlin, on the deepest misery of his deepest ego, with windows closed, hunched over a samovar! If Spain had not given us anything but *Don Quixote* — that invention more real, even, than the late centre of the world war (the ex-German Emperor is as a myth beside him) — and the word cañon, Spain had not existed in vain.

Up this cañon, then (the stairs up to, and the corridor of the top flat, leading to my bedroom, used to be the cañon) Deadwood Dick guided me. He went over a 'divide' (at the top of the stairs), and came down into a 'pocket' in the hills, a grassy little valley (where the passage widened), and there, having unsaddled, he left his horse free to graze. My rocking-horse, which I had just grown beyond, stood there, had not, at that time, passed to a little relative. Deadwood Dick strode to some bushes and breasted into their

midst. I strode to my bedroom door, and breasted against it, having first turned the handle. The bushes whipped back into place and right ahead was a precipice and a cave — for Dick. I presume he kept his treasure-trove in the cave, but I have forgotten the details of his loot. What he gave me, to last for ever, was a horse, big timber, and silent mountain paths.

In my cave (my little room) was my treasure-trove, carefully 'cached' in different places; and that trove was various numbers of the Aldine, and kindred, publications. There were one or two other heroes there. One I recall was *Always on Hand, the Sportive Sport of the Foot-Hills*. He was a wonderful fellow, for ever arriving in the nick of time. His Colt was very heavy, and he rested the barrel on his left wrist, the hand being turned toward the people, whom he caused to leap round when he exclaimed: 'Ha-ha!'; and on that palm was the word *Always* printed. But Deadwood Dick was, to my mind, more of 'the goods.' He was the touchstone. By him I measured *Always on Hand*, Jack Harkaway, and the rest.

I shall never forget my joy when once the bell-pulls went wrong, and a man came and felt along the walls of the attic rooms, then, with a look of satisfaction, bent down and made careful incisions into the wallpaper with a penknife, disclosing a little door, low in one of the walls, about eighteen inches square, that led on to the rafters under the eaves. He crawled through and mended the wires, came out, and went humming away with his tools on his shoulder — leaving me hopeful that the wall would not be repapered.

The good fates were with me. The slits in the paper round that door were not considered unsightly, and nothing was done. So I took my Deadwood

Dicks from under the carpet, and climbed on a chair to cull others from the top of the wardrobe. Then, slipping that little door open, I crawled in over the rafters with a stump of candle. There I kept my library. There was my real cave; the bedroom thereafter became the grassy pocket in front of it. There I kept my heaven-sent library, thence I educed such volumes as the little boy next door had not read. He preferred *Deadwood Dick Junior* — *Deadwood Dick (Junior) at Galveston*, and the like. Why should he not? There is room for us all. These were great days. They had their pathos and their misery, doubtless; but they had, also, their great joys. Even the rain rub-a-dubbed good music on the skylight of that room.

I was undone at last, as even all the great hold-up men seem eventually to be undone. The paper round the diminutive door began to show that the door was used. The sleuths had a clue; the stronghold was menaced. I succumbed to some youthful illness and probably babbled my secret. At any rate, they were all discovered there — all that good company, *Deadwood Dick, Always on Hand*, Jack Harkaway, the Young Stowaways, Ching Ching; and they all went to the faggot. Do I repine? No, not unduly. They were, by then, all in my heart for ever.

And now, thirty years after that day of fire and sermon, I am off — to the Black Hills. That is why I began by saying it is a wonderful world. I am going to other places as well, of course, other places with haunting names, some of which I have seen already. I am going to see the colored, quick Kootenai River, and the Saskatchewan, and, perhaps — but what matter the other names? The berth is booked. One place that I am going to visit for the first time is Deadwood. When I arrive I shall, of course, look at the

reports of the mining companies and allow real estate agents to feel hopeful as they recite to me the facts regarding the increasing value of town lots in Hot Springs, Rapid City — and Deadwood. The look of interest on my face will, I am sure, delight them. If they desire to take me into the mountains to show me a 'sure thing proposition,' I shall go with them gaily and be duly shown. I may even, perhaps, then look so absent of mien, in the midst of these dear old 'rocky fastnesses,' standing on some 'divide,' gazing down on some affluent 'pocket,' that they may think I am good at any rate for one town lot and a handful of shares.

That shall be as it shall be. If they can show me Dick's veritable lair I think I shall buy a lot; not that I want one — only as a small return to them. But this I know: I shall not be listening with entire concentration to the 'proposition' of the town lots, or the 'speel' of the assay. I shall really be thinking of the old rocking-horse, the 'cache' in the rafters among the bell-wires and the cobwebs, and the *Deadwood Dick* I knew thirty years ago. May he rest in peace! He was good to us (at least in fiction) when we were boys.

[*L'Echo de Paris*]

## THE STRANGE STORY OF MANOËL

BY PIERRE MILLE

I KNOW that the story which I am going to tell you will seem quite unbelievable; nevertheless every word of it is true. I have not invented a single word.

The hero of this tale is named Irribarry; his first name is Manoël; it is useless to add that he is a Basque. Thin as a nail, supple as a reed by the river, lively as a chamois, with mole-colored hair and mahogany-colored

face, he is the finest fellow in the world — for a Basque. I might add that he has something of a temper, a characteristic which, as you know, is widely shared among his compatriots. When Manoël becomes angry his face takes on a fiery red color, his eyes dart lightning glances, he foams at the mouth even; in fact, he looks exactly like Mars about to enter battle. You will hardly believe that under it all he preserves his coolness.

On the 30th of July, 1914, Manoël was quite ignorant as to the value of his temper. A year later, however, he was no longer ignorant, for it had rescued him from captivity in Germany.

For Manoël, who was an officer and a captain even, had a misfortune. Three weeks after the opening of the campaign he was taken prisoner, and interned in some Silesian camp. This unhappy adventure did not leave him in good humor. I have told you that he had a terrible temper, or shall I say that his manifestations were terrible? Now the Germans are not agreeable jailers — as Manoël soon discovered. So just to please himself, three or four times a week, he would roll his eyes simply to make them shine; and would gnash his teeth to carry out the performance in the best form. His German guardians gazed upon him almost stupefied, but Manoël himself found pleasure in it, and when the fit was over, would saunter away to chat with his companions in misfortune.

One of his companions, a Russian physician, who had seen Manoël going through his facial exercises, one day said to him:

'Really, you do that very well. Why don't you do something with it? For instance, why do you not pretend to be a victim of that malady which killed Nietzsche?'

'The devil,' answered Manoël. 'that

is a bit difficult, you understand. Moreover, I have no desire to enter my name at the undertaker's.'

'I am not talking about dying,' said the Russian physician, 'I am suggesting that you should imitate madness.'

'But I am not mad!'

'Then you must be so. Listen now. German alienists pretend to have discovered a mental malady having a common origin with that general paralysis which struck down Nietzsche, a mental trouble of varying symptoms and quite incurable. Now, French specialists have always denied the existence of this special form of madness. What a joy, what a triumph it would be for these Germans to find that this trouble exists *and that a Frenchman is a victim of it!* Be sure that they will not have the slightest doubt of it, and will be only too glad to select you as a patient.'

'But I don't see what that will get me.'

'Monsieur, I thought you were more intelligent. Do you not see that once your case has been entered and catalogued *you will be regarded as incurable.* Therefore, you are a *grand malade*, therefore you are incapable of carrying arms, therefore it is their duty to send you to your own country.'

'I see, I see,' said Manoël. 'What are the symptoms of this marvelous and benevolent disease?'

'You have sudden rages. your eyes roll; you foam at the mouth and gnash your teeth, even as a tiger in search of prey.'

'Easy, I can do it any time.'

'At that moment your pulse rises.'

'Yes, I can do that too.'

'You suffer from insomnia.'

'I shall find that harder, I sleep like a child.'

'I will attend to that then. Finally you must manifest a sense of mental confusion.'

'I suppose that means saying foolish things. I think I can do that too.'

Well, now you have my Manoël, foaming at the mouth, gnashing his teeth, darting lightning glances from his eyes like an angry Jupiter from Olympus at least three times a day; he stands under a shower bath with his clothes on, lets his beard grow and affects a convulsive tremor. Now for the insomnia. Manoël is locked up in a cell with another prisoner, the latter really a sick man. In the morning the German doctors ask the sick man: 'Well, how did your crazy companion spend the night?' 'He has been insufferable,' answered the sick man, 'he kept me awake the whole night.' And the German doctors nod their heads sagely: not a single symptom is lacking!

To put an end to any possible suspicion, Manoël one day leaped at the throat of the German officer who happened to be standing by. The Germans went through the farce of condemning him to be shot. Manoël allowed himself to be taken to the place of execution laughing inconsequently. This event destroyed the last doubts of the Germans. It was at once decided that this unhappy madman should be returned to France.

It was at this point that Manoël revealed his true genius. He made it appear that the sick man, whom he disturbed nightly, was the only person able to do anything with him in a crisis, and in order to keep him quiet in the train, the other Frenchman was sent along with him.

The journey was soon over. Thanks to his talents Manoël finds himself in France. He has himself shaved, and behaves exactly like everyone else. I lose sight of him for two years. Then one day I meet him by chance and he cries out to me:

'Oh, my friend, I am going mad.'

'Why?' said I. 'Of what use will madness be to you now?'

'No,' he replied, seriously, 'I shall go mad. Listen to what has happened to me. I returned to France in a special train of *grands blessés* and *grands malades*. The train stopped at Lyons and the doctors made their inspection. "Are you a *grand blessé*?" "No, I was unwounded when I was taken prisoner." "Then you are a *grand malade*?" "No, I escaped by simulating madness. Examine me and see if I am crazy." So they look me over, make me talk, stare into the pupils of my eyes, and the surgeon in chief concludes: "This fellow is no more crazy than I am."'

'Then what is the matter?' said I.

'The matter? Wait a minute. I arrive in Paris and I go to the war ministry. There I ask for the sum due me during my captivity. The ministry replies: "Only escaped prisoners, *grands blessés* and *grands malades* have a right to their arrears of pay. What are you?'"

'I reflected a moment and I answered: "I am an escaped prisoner."'

'An escaped prisoner! But you returned in a train of *grands blessés* and *grands malades*. You must not try any monkey business here.'

'Well then, since I returned in a hospital train of *grands blessés* and *grands malades*, I am either a *grand blessé* or a *grand malade*.'

'So! But here is the report of the doctor at Lyons, in which he observes that you are capable of military service.'

'Well then?'

'Then you are neither a *grand blessé* or a *grand malade* and you have no right to your arrears.'

'I tell you I shall go mad, really mad.'

He worried me. I felt that after such an experience he had a perfect

right to go crazy. The other day, however, I saw him again. He was calm and seemed perfectly satisfied with his fate.

'My arrears of pay — did you know that I had finally been paid them?'

'Well, well, what did you do?'

'I went back to the war ministry, stood by the cashier's window, rolled my eyes, foamed at the mouth and gnashed my teeth. It quite upset them, and they paid me.'

And all this shows that Manoël has no luck when he is not himself.

[*The Cornhill Magazine*]

## BEDSIDE BOOKS

BY SIMON LEATHERHEAD

THIS title must not be misunderstood. I have no intention of referring to those books — no doubt of great value — which are intended to minister to the spiritual well-being of a sick person; the books or booklets with which kindly, well-meaning persons arm themselves when they sally forth to visit the patient who is a prisoner to his bed, and by which they hope to bring to him consolation, or to arouse him to a sense of his moral failings and shortcomings. Such books are for special occasions and for a limited class of reader. And though many might welcome a censor of such publications or wish that some expert might exercise a stricter control over their use, I have no claims, beyond having been an occasional sufferer, to speak of their merits or demerits.

My purpose is larger. As one who is a regular and constant reader in bed and who finds that the time thus spent is by no means the least pleasant or profitable portion of the day, I write for those who, like myself, have experience of its delights, and in order to help those who probably, by a faulty choice of book, are casual, but not confirmed, readers in bed.

Naturally, those who can appreciate the pleasure will be to some extent limited in number. They will not, for instance, include many married people; for whatever may be the advantages of the connubial state, it has the grave disadvantage that it puts an end, as a rule, to reading in bed. Nor do I count among the privileged class those who read merely to induce sleep. They have no right to the title of reader in bed. They are to be classed with Sir Walter Scott's gardener who boasted that for many years his master's books had never failed to produce an instantaneous soporific effect on him. To people of this type the choice of book is indifferent so long as it is dull and heavy, and the two-penny box of any second-hand bookshop will supply their needs. But the true reader in bed wants to read, not sleep, and in order to get the most out of his time it is of the utmost importance that a wise selection should be made of books suitable to the time and place.

I have no intention of suggesting any particular books, and certainly I shall not attempt to draw up a list of the hundred best bedside books. Even to say, as was said by a well-known pub-



lic man of a certain amusing book, that it ought to be at every bedside was to go beyond his province and was a proof that the speaker had not grasped the principle of reading in bed. You may say of a book that everyone ought to read it, but to say that everyone ought to read it in bed is a gross abuse of a reader's liberty and an interference with the claims of his personality; for nowhere more than in bed should the choice of books be unfettered.

It may be your duty to read the works of Gibbon, Darwin, Spencer, but it is certainly not your duty to take the works of these authors to bed with you. No, the liberty of choice must be maintained, and many books quite suitable for reading by day are unsuitable at night. Any book, for instance, that requires real study should be banished from the bedside. It is only the schoolboy who may sometimes be allowed to get up in bed the lesson which he has neglected during the day and which he will be expected to know on the morrow, but for the bed-reader rest and relaxation are required. And for this, first of all I would lay down, though some may not at first agree with me, that the ordinary novel is unsuitable. It is too long, and if it is worth reading at all it is too exciting, so that it encourages you to read too late, or, if you have sufficient strength of character to break off in the middle, the mind is filled with thoughts and pictures which are too agitating and not conducive to repose.

Staying at a friend's house a short time ago, I found that the collection of bedside literature provided for me consisted of half a dozen cheap, popular red-bound novels, a few books of devotion, More's *Utopia*, and White's *Natural History of Selborne*. The reason of the choice of the last named lay in the fact that my friend's house was not

far from the famous naturalist's home; but how many people would care to sit, or rather, lie down to such a work in order to pass a pleasant hour before settling to sleep? For the other books in this collection nothing is to be said. They were lacking in all the qualities necessary for a true bedside book. And the unwisdom of the choice of some of them! What is the use of giving a man who is spending a couple of nights at your house popular novels to read in bed if you want to economize the electricity?

The only excuse that can be made for my friend is that he is married and is not himself a reader in bed and thus knows little of the requirements of those who are. Probably he had made the first choice on the assumption that most people like something light; later there appears to have come to his mind the memory of earlier teaching as to the thoughts most suitable before retiring to rest. Hence the devotional books. White's *Selborne* was added in order to give local color. But why More's *Utopia* was added I cannot imagine.

I recall another unhappy selection of bedside books. This was made by a man whose main, one might almost say only, interest in life was sport. For some reason or other he had promised to put up for the night a bishop with a European reputation as an historian. The bishop's host knew his guest's reputation but not his works, and he decided that the only suitable books for the episcopal bedside would be historical. Unfortunately his library was not up to date; but after a good deal of search old copies of Rollin and Hume were discovered, dusted and arranged triumphantly by the side of the bishop's bed. The bishop, who was a good deal more than an historian, confessed the morning after his arrival that he had been a good deal perturbed when

he first discovered the literature provided for him, but that he had found in the room a modern novel, left no doubt by some previous guest, with which he had passed a pleasant hour or two before going to sleep.

The above are instances of ill-chosen selections, but there is the excuse to be made for the selectors that in neither case were they readers in bed, and in one case there was the further difficulty that the host felt a special and peculiar selection should be made in view of the supposed habits of the expected reader.

Here is a selection of another type, and though it is one that would not appeal to many, I give it because it is made on the right principle. It is the selection of a lodging-house keeper in Bloomsbury; in fact I learned of it because I stayed several months in this lady's house. She was French, though she had been so long in England that she spoke with scarcely any accent, and could cook chops and boil potatoes. She was not particularly well educated and her time for reading was limited, but she was a true reader in bed, and the books by her side were a collection of the works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. The explanation of her choice proves the rightness of it in her case at any rate. She is busy the whole day from morning to evening with the work entailed by keeping a large house let in rooms, and during these hours she meets with the hundred and one worries and annoyances which such a life and profession entail.

It is not until late in the evening that she is free and can spare a moment to herself. But when that time comes she wants to escape from all the harassing anxieties of the day. And she goes to bed to rest her body and she reads the books which she finds give rest to her mind. Novels, she said, were useless to her; either they

were untrue and consequently uninteresting, or if true, they described life and adventures far less stirring than her own had been. But she found a real solace and repose in the thoughts of the French Romanticist. She is of course thoroughly well acquainted with his works; reading them is to her not like taking up some new work which requires effort and concentration to understand and follow. That would be fatiguing and deprive her of the rest she needs. But she dips into the familiar volumes and she never fails to find in them the thoughts and visions which take her out of her narrow lodging-house world, give her the mental and spiritual repose that she needs, and keep her always cheerful and contented.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau would not have this effect on everyone. I certainly cannot conceive that any English counterpart of my French friend would choose Locke, from whom Rousseau drew so many of his theories, as the pleasantest reading for bedtime; though perhaps some Scotch landlady may burn the midnight oil in studying Hume. But it is not the author whom this true reader in bed chose that is of importance, it is the principles that guided her choice which are worth following. Thus, I would insist that the books chosen should be familiar to us, so that they can be taken up and put down without troubling as to where we are to begin or break off. They must be good literature, that is to say, they must belong to that class where familiarity does not breed contempt, and though easily written and attractive in style they must possess substance and matter enough to give us something to digest, however often we read them.

I think, too, there ought to be a kind of personal relationship between the author and the reader. The author, I mean, should attract us apart from

his writings; we want to know and admire him as well as what he has written. This was, I am sure, the case with my French landlady, and had she lived in the time of Rousseau her letters to him, I feel confident, would have been found with those of Mme. d'Épinay, Mme. de la Tour and the numbers of others who flattered and worshipped the author of the *New Héloïse*. This personal feeling is important, it gives the intimate character to reading in bed. You get from it not only a mental rest, but in the nightly converse with your favorite author you escape from the bores who surround you during the day, and you pass the happiest hours in the society which is best worth cultivating.

Starting from these principles then, each one will make his own choice, and he can make it within wide limits. And perhaps I must here qualify a statement which I made earlier as to novels. If the novelist whom you read is one of the classical writers, I think his works will fulfil the conditions I have laid down. In fact an elderly colonel of my acquaintance, who is not in other respects a reader, has not for the last thirty years missed reading nightly some parts of Thackeray or Dickens, a volume or two of their novels being always beside his bed; and he knows and reads them in the true reading in bed way. Novels of that kind can be admitted.

My own preference — an entirely personal one which I would force on nobody — is for essayists. Lamb and Hazlitt as chief among the ancients with one or two of the moderns; these, together with a volume or so of selections from my favorite poets, form my bedside library, and I have

never found that they have failed me.

I have mentioned poets without specifying anyone by name, because the choice will vary so greatly according to individual taste. It may be suggested, however, that a selection from a poet is preferable to a volume of his complete works. This is partly on the grounds of convenience in handling, an important matter in bed, and still more so owing to the unsuitableness of long poems, or so at least it seems to me. I cannot, for instance, conceive *Paradise Lost* or *The Ring and the Book* as adapted for reading in bed. They are too long and too much of a whole; they do not lend themselves to be read in extracts. The same, I think, has to be said of Shakespeare's plays. To me at any rate they are too exciting as drama and require to be read in their completeness, so that I cannot admit them among my bedside books. Others, perhaps, may not have this same feeling, and liberty of choice to everyone is essential. We must be catholic and we must be charitable. But so long as the reader in bed makes his choice on the foregoing principles, no matter what books compose his library, he may be looked upon as one of the elect.

And it is to be hoped that many who cannot yet claim this title, who have only dallied with the subject, who have taken books to their room at random without any fixed principle of selection, may be led to recognize the only true way by which full profit and pleasure are to be gained from the regular practice of this admirable habit. And one final warning, no one can be counted a member of the society of readers in bed who is at the same time member of a circulating library.

[The English Review]

## THE BLIND MAN

BY D. H. LAWRENCE

ISABEL PERVIN was listening for two sounds — for the sound of wheels on the drive outside and for the noise of her husband's footsteps in the hall. Her dearest and oldest friend, a man who seemed almost indispensable to her living, would drive up in the rainy dusk of the closing November day. The trap had gone to fetch him from the station. And her husband, who had been blinded in Flanders, and who had a disfiguring mark on his brow, would be coming in from the out-houses.

He had been home for a year now. He was totally blind. Yet they had been very happy. The Grange was Maurice's own place. The back was a farmstead, and the Wernhams, who occupied the rear premises, acted as farmers. Isabel lived with her husband in the handsome rooms in front. She and he had been almost entirely alone together since he was wounded. They talked and sang and read together in a wonderful and unspeakable intimacy. Then she reviewed books for a Scottish newspaper, carrying on her old interest, and he occupied himself a good deal with the farm. Sightless, he could still discuss everything with Wernham, and he could also do a good deal of work about the place, menial work, it is true, but it gave him satisfaction. He milked the cows, carried in the pails, turned the separator, attended to the pigs and horses. Life was still very full and strangely serene for the blind man, peaceful with the almost incomprehensible peace of immediate con-

tact in darkness. With his wife he had a whole world, rich and real and invisible.

They were newly and remotely happy. He did not even regret the loss of his sight in these times of dark, palpable joy. A certain exultance swelled his soul.

But as time wore on, sometimes the rich glamor would leave them. Sometimes, after months of this intensity, a sense of burden overcame Isabel, a weariness, a terrible *ennui*, in that silent house approached between a colonnade of tall-shafted pines. Then she felt she would go mad, for she could not bear it. And sometimes he had devastating fits of depression, which seemed to lay waste his whole being. It was worse than depression — a black misery, when his own life was a torture to him, and when his presence was unbearable to his wife. The dread went down to the roots of her soul as these black days recurred. In a kind of panic she tried to wrap herself up still further in her husband. She forced the old spontaneous cheerfulness and joy to continue. But the effort it cost her was almost too much. She knew she could not keep it up. She felt she would scream with the strain, and would give anything, anything, to escape. She longed to possess her husband utterly; it gave her inordinate joy to have him entirely to herself. And yet, when again he was gone in a black and massive misery, she could not bear him, she could not bear herself; she wished she could be snatched

away off the earth altogether, anything rather than live at this cost.

Dazed, she schemed for a way out. She invited friends, she tried to give him some further connection with the outer world. But it was no good. After all their joy and suffering, after their dark, great year of blindness and solitude and unspeakable nearness, other people seemed to them both shallow, rattling, rather impertinent. Shallow prattle seemed presumptuous. He became impatient and irritated, she was wearied. And so they lapsed into their solitude again. For they preferred it.

But now, in a few weeks' time, her second baby would be born. The first had died, an infant, when her husband first went out to France. She looked with joy and relief to the coming of the second. It would be her salvation. But also she felt some anxiety. She was thirty years old, her husband was a year younger. They both wanted the child very much. Yet she could not help feeling afraid. She had her husband on her hands, a terrible joy to her, and a terrifying burden. The child would occupy her love and attention. And then, what of Maurice? What would he do? If only she could feel that he too would be at peace and happy when the child came! She did so want to luxuriate in a rich, physical satisfaction of maternity. But the man, what would he do? How could she provide for him, how avert those shattering black moods of his, which destroyed them both?

She sighed with fear. But at this time Bertie Reid wrote to Isabel. He was her old friend, a second or third cousin, a Scotchman, as she was a Scotchwoman. They had been brought up near to one another, and all her life he had been her friend, like a brother, but better than her own brothers. She loved him—though not in the marrying sense. There was a

sort of kinship between them, an affinity. They understood one another instinctively. But Isabel would never have thought of marrying Bertie. It would have seemed like marrying in her own family.

Bertie was a barrister and a man of letters, a Scotchman of the intellectual type, quick, ironical, sentimental, and on his knees before the woman he adored but did not want to marry. Maurice Pervin was different. He came of a good old country family—the Grange was not a very great distance from Oxford. He was passionate, sensitive, perhaps over-sensitive, wincing—a big fellow with heavy limbs and a forehead that flushed painfully. For his mind was slow, as if drugged by the strong provincial blood that beat in his veins. He was very sensitive to his own mental slowness, his feelings being quick and acute. So that he was just the opposite to Bertie whose mind was much quicker than his emotions, which were not so very fine.

From the first the two men did not like each other. Isabel felt that they *ought* to get on together. But they did not. She felt that if only each could have the clue to the other there would be such a rare understanding between them. It did not come off, however. Bertie adopted a slightly ironical attitude, very offensive to Maurice, who returned the Scotch irony with English resentment, a resentment which deepened sometimes into stupid hatred.

This was a little puzzling to Isabel. However, she accepted it in the course of things. Men were made freakish and unreasonable. Therefore, when Maurice was going out to France for the second time, she felt that, for her husband's sake, she must discontinue her friendship with Bertie. She wrote to the barrister to this effect. Bertram



Reid simply replied that in this, as in all other matters, he must obey her wishes, if these were indeed her wishes.

For nearly two years nothing had passed between the two friends. Isabel rather glorified in the fact: she had no compunction. She had one great article of faith, which was, that husband and wife should be so important to one another, that the rest of the world simply did not count. She and Maurice were husband and wife. They loved one another. They would have children. Then let everybody and everything else fade into insignificance outside this connubial felicity. She professed herself quite happy and ready to receive Maurice's friends. She was happy and ready: the happy wife, the ready woman in possession. Without knowing why, the friends retired abashed, and came no more. Maurice, of course, took as much satisfaction in this connubial absorption as Isabel did.

He shared in Isabel's literary activities, she cultivated a real interest in agriculture and cattle-raising. For she, being at heart perhaps a feeling enthusiast, always cultivated the practical side of life, and prided herself on her mastery of practical affairs. Thus the husband and wife had spent the five years of their married life. The last had been one of blindness and unspeakable intimacy. And now Isabel felt a great indifference coming over her, a sort of lethargy. She wanted to be allowed to bear her child in peace, to nod by the fire and drift vaguely, physically, from day to day. Maurice was like an ominous thunder-cloud. She had to keep waking up to remember him.

When a little note came from Bertie, asking if he were to put up a tombstone to their dead friendship, and speaking of the real pain he felt on account of her husband's loss of sight, she felt a pang,

a fluttering agitation of re-awakening. And she read the letter to Maurice.

'Ask him to come down,' he said.

'Ask Bertie to come here?' she reëchoed.

'Yes — if he wants to.'

Isabel paused for a few moments.

'I know he wants to — he'd only be too glad,' she replied. 'But what about you, Maurice? How would you like it?'

'I should like it.'

'Well — in that case — But I thought you did n't care for him —'

'Oh, I don't know. I might think differently of him now,' the blind man replied. It was rather abstruse to Isabel.

'Well, dear,' she said, 'if you're quite sure —'

'I'm sure enough. Let him come,' said Maurice.

So Bertie was coming, coming this evening, in the November rain and darkness. Isabel was agitated, racked with her old restlessness and indecision. She had always suffered from this pain of doubt, just an agonizing sense of uncertainty. It had begun to pass off, in the lethargy of maternity. Now it returned, and she resented it. She struggled as usual to maintain her calm, composed, friendly bearing, a sort of mask she wore over all her body.

A woman had lighted a tall lamp beside the table, and spread the cloth. The long dining-room was dim, with its elegant but rather severe pieces of old furniture. Only the round table glowed softly under the light. It had a rich, beautiful effect. The white cloth glistened and dropped its heavy, pointed lace corners almost to the carpet, the china was old and handsome, creamy-yellow, with a blotched pattern of harsh red and deep blue, the cups large and bell-shaped, the teapot gallant. Isabel looked at it with superficial appreciation.

Her nerves were hurting her. She looked automatically again at the high, uncurtained windows. In the last dusk she could just perceive outside a huge fir-tree swaying its boughs: it was as if she thought it rather than saw it. The rain came flying on the window panes. Ah, why had she no peace? These two men, why did they tear at her? Why did they not come — why was there this suspense?

She sat in a lassitude that was really suspense and irritation. Maurice, at least, might come in — there was nothing to keep him out. She rose to her feet. Catching sight of her reflection in a mirror, she glanced at herself with a slight smile of recognition, as if she were an old friend to herself. Her face was oval and calm, her nose a little arched. Her neck made a beautiful line down to her shoulder. With hair knotted loosely behind, she had something of a warm, maternal look. Thinking this of herself, she arched her eyebrows and her rather heavy eyelids, with a little flicker of a smile, and for a moment her gray eyes looked amused and wicked, a little sardonic, out of her transfigured Madonna face.

Then, resuming her air of womanly patience — she was really fatally self-determined — she went with a little jerk towards the door. Her eyes were slightly reddened.

She passed down the wide hall, and through a door at the end. Then she was in the farm premises. The scent of dairy, and of farm-kitchen, and of farm-yard and of leather almost overcame her: but particularly the scent of dairy. They had been scalding out the pans. The flagged passage in front of her was dark, puddled and wet. Light came out from the open kitchen door. She went forward and stood in the doorway. The farm-people were at tea, seated at a little distance from her,

round a long, narrow table, in the centre of which stood a white lamp. Ruddy faces, ruddy hands holding food, red mouths working, heads bent over the tea-cups: men, land-girls, boys: it was tea-time, feeding-time. Some faces caught sight of her. Mrs. Wernham, going round behind the chairs with a large black tea-pot, halting slightly in her walk, was not aware of her for a moment. Then she turned suddenly.

'Oh, is it Madam!' she exclaimed. 'Come in, then, come in! We're at tea.' And she dragged forward a chair.

'No, I won't come in,' said Isabel. 'I'm afraid I interrupt your meal.'

'No — no — not likely, Madam, not likely.'

'Has n't Mr. Pervin come in, do you know?'

'I'm sure I couldn't say! Missed him, have you, Madam?'

'No, I only wanted him to come in,' laughed Isabel, as if shyly.

'Wanted him, did ye? Get up, boy — get up, now —'

Mrs. Wernham knocked one of the boys on the shoulder. He began to scrape to his feet, chewing largely.

'I believe he's in top stable,' said another face from the table.

'Ah! No, don't get up. I'm going myself,' said Isabel.

'Don't you go out of a dirty night like this. Let the lad go. Get along wi' ye, boy,' said Mrs. Wernham.

'No, no,' said Isabel, with a decision that was always obeyed. 'Go on with your tea, Tom. I'd like to go across to the stable, Mrs. Wernham.'

'Did ever you hear tell!' exclaimed the woman.

'Is n't the trap late?' asked Isabel.

'Why, no,' said Mrs. Wernham, peering into the distance at the tall, dim clock. 'No, Madam — we can give it another quarter or twenty

minutes yet, good — yes, every bit of a quarter.'

'Ah! It seems late when darkness falls so early,' said Isabel.

'It do, that it do. Bother the days, that they draw in so,' answered Mrs. Wernham. 'Proper miserable!'

'They are,' said Isabel, withdrawing.

She pulled on her overshoes, wrapped a large Tartan shawl around her, put on a man's felt hat, and ventured out along the causeways of the first yard. It was very dark. The wind was roaring in the great elms behind the out-houses. When she came to the second yard the darkness seemed deeper. She was unsure of her footing. She wished she had brought a lantern. Rain blew against her. Half she liked it, half she felt unwilling to battle.

She reached at last the just visible door of the stable. There was no sign of a light anywhere. Opening the upper half, she looked in: into a simple well of darkness. The smell of horses, and ammonia, and of warmth was startling to her, in that full night. She listened with all her ears, but could hear nothing save the night, and the stirring of a horse.

'Maurice!' she called, softly and musically, though she was afraid. 'Maurice — are you there?'

Nothing came from the darkness. She knew the rain and wind blew in upon the horses, the hot animal life. Feeling it wrong, she entered the stable, and drew the lower half of the door shut, holding the upper part close. She did not stir, because she was aware of the presence of the dark hind-quarters of the horses, though she could not see them, and she was afraid. Something wild stirred in her heart.

She listened intensely. Then she heard a small noise in the distance — far away, it seemed — the chink of a pan, and a man's voice speaking a brief word. It would be Maurice, in

the other part of the stable. She stood motionless, waiting for him to come through the partition door. The horses were so terrifyingly near to her, in the invisible.

The loud jarring of the inner door-latch made her start; the door was opened. She could hear and feel her husband entering and invisibly passing among the horses near to her, darkness as they were, actively intermingled. The rather low sound of his voice as he spoke to the horses came velvety to her nerves. How near he was, and how invisible! The darkness seemed to be in a strange swirl of violent life, just upon her. She turned giddy.

Her presence of mind made her call, quietly and musically:

'Maurice! Maurice — dea-ar!'

'Yes,' he answered. 'Isabel?'

She saw nothing, and the sound of his voice seemed to touch her.

'Hello!' she answered cheerfully, straining her eyes to see him. He was still busy, attending to the horses near her, but she saw only darkness. It made her almost desperate.

'Won't you come in, dear?' she said.

'Yes, I'm coming. Just half a minute. *Stand over — now!* Trap's not come, has it?'

'Not yet,' said Isabel.

His voice was pleasant and ordinary, but it had a slight suggestion of the stable to her. She wished he would come away. While he was so utterly invisible, she was afraid of him.

'How's the time?' he asked.

'Not yet six,' she replied. She disliked to answer into the dark. Presently he came very near to her, and she retreated out of doors.

'The weather blows in here,' he said, coming steadily forward, feeling for the doors. She shrank away. At last she could dimly see him.

'Bertie won't have much of a drive,' he said, as he closed the doors.

'He won't, indeed!' said Isabel calmly, watching the dark shape at the door.

'Give me your arm, dear,' she said.

She pressed his arm close to her, as she went. But she longed to see him, to look at him. She was nervous. He walked erect, with face rather lifted, but with a curious tentative movement of his powerful, muscular legs. She could feel the clever, careful, strong contact of his feet with the earth, as she balanced against him. For a moment he was a tower of darkness to her, as if he rose out of the earth.

In the house-passage he wavered, and went cautiously, with a curious look of silence about him as he felt for the bench. Then he sat down heavily. He was a man with rather sloping shoulders, but with heavy limbs, powerful legs that seemed to know the earth. His head was small, usually carried high and light. As he bent down to unfasten his gaiters and boots, he did not look blind. His hair was brown and crisp, his hands were large, reddish, intelligent, the veins stood out in the wrists; and his thighs and knees seemed massive. When he stood up his face and neck were surcharged with blood, the veins stood out on his temples. She did not look at his blindness.

Isabel was always glad when they had passed through the dividing door, into their own regions of repose and beauty. She was a little afraid of him, out there in the animal grossness of the back. His bearing also changed, as he smelt the familiar, indefinable odor that pervaded his wife's surroundings, a delicate, refined scent, very faintly spicy. Perhaps it came from the pot-pourri bowls.

He stood at the foot of the stairs, arrested, listening. She watched him, and her heart sickened. He seemed to be listening to fate.

'He's not here yet,' he said. 'I'll go up and change.'

'Maurice,' she said, 'you're not wishing he would n't come, are you?'

'I could n't quite say,' he answered. 'I feel myself rather on the *qui vive*.'

'I can see you are,' she answered. And she reached up and kissed his cheek. She saw his mouth relax into a slow smile.

'What are you laughing at?' she said, roguishly.

'You consoling me,' he answered.

'Nay,' she answered. 'Why should I console you? You know we love each other — you know *how* married we are! What does anything else matter?'

'Nothing at all, my dear.'

He felt for her face, and touched it, smiling.

'You're all right, are n't you?' he asked, anxiously.

'I'm wonderfully all right, love,' she answered. 'It's you I am a little troubled about, at times.'

'Why me?' he said, touching her cheeks delicately with the tips of his fingers. The touch had an almost hypnotizing effect on her.

He went away upstairs. She saw him mount into the darkness, unseeing and unchanging. He did not know that the lamps on the upper corridor were unlighted. He went on into the darkness with unchanging step. She heard him in the bath-room.

Pervin moved about almost unconsciously in his familiar surroundings, dark though everything was. He seemed to know the presence of objects before he touched them. It was a pleasure to him to rock thus through a world of things, carried on the flood in a sort of blood-prescience. He did not think much or trouble much. So long as he kept this sheer immediacy of blood-contact with the substantial world he was happy, he wanted no intervention of visual consciousness.

In this state there was a certain rich positivity, bordering sometimes on rapture. Life seemed to move in him like a tide lapping, lapping, and advancing, enveloping all things darkly. It was a pleasure to stretch forth the hand and meet the unseen object, clasp it, and possess it in pure contact. He did not try to remember, to visualize. He did not want to. The new way of consciousness substituted itself in him.

The rich suffusion of this state generally kept him happy, reaching its culmination in the consuming passion for his wife. But at times the flow would seem to be checked and thrown back. Then it would beat inside him like a tangled sea, and he was tortured in the shattered chaos of his own blood. He grew to dread this arrest, this throwback, this chaos inside himself, when he seemed merely at the mercy of his own powerful and conflicting elements. How to get some measure of control or surety, this was the question. And when the question rose maddening in him, he would clench his fists as if he would *compel* the whole universe to submit to him. But it was in vain. He could not even compel himself.

To-night, however, he was still serene, though little tremors of unreasonable exasperation ran through him. He had to handle the razor very carefully, as he shaved, for it was not at one with him, he was afraid of it. His hearing also was too much sharpened. He heard the woman lighting the lamps on the corridor, and attending to the fire in the visitor's room. And then, as he went to his room, he heard the trap arrive. Then came Isabel's voice, lifted and calling, like a bell ringing:

'Is it you, Bertie? Have you come?'

And a man's voice answered out of the wind:

'Hello, Isabel! There you are.'

'Have you had a miserable drive? I'm so sorry we could n't send a closed carriage. I can't see you at all, you know.'

'I'm coming. No, I liked the drive — it was Perthshire. Well, how are you? You're looking fit as ever, as far as I can see.'

'Oh, yes,' said Isabel. 'I'm wonderfully well. How are you? Rather thin, I think —'

'Worked to death — everybody's old cry. But I'm all right, Ciss. How's Pervin? — is n't he here?'

'Oh, yes, he's upstairs changing. Yes, he's awfully well. Take off your wet things; I'll send them to be dried.'

'And how are you both, in spirits? He does n't fret?'

'No — no, not at all. No, on the contrary, really. We've been wonderfully happy, incredibly. It's more than I can understand — so wonderful: the nearness, and the peace —'

'Ah! Well, that's awfully good news —'

They moved away. Pervin heard no more. But a childish sense of desolation had come over him, as he heard their brisk voices. He seemed shut out — like a child that is left out. He was aimless and excluded, he did not know what to do with himself. The helpless desolation came over him. He fumbled nervously as he dressed himself, in a state almost of childishness. He disliked the Scotch accent in Bertie's speech, and the slight response it found on Isabel's tongue. He disliked the slight purr of complacency in the Scottish speech. He disliked intensely the glib way in which Isabel spoke of their happiness and nearness. It made him recoil. He was fretful and beside himself like a child, he had almost a childish nostalgia to be included in the life circle. And at the same time he was a man, dark and powerful and infuriated by his own weakness. By some fatal flaw,



he could not be by himself, he had to depend on the support of another. And this very dependence enraged him. He hated Bertie Reid, and at the same time he knew the hatred was nonsense, he knew it was the outcome of his own weakness.

He went downstairs. Isabel was alone in the dining-room. She watched him enter, head erect, his feet tentative. He looked so strong-blooded and healthy, and, at the same time, canceled — that was the word that flew across her mind. Perhaps it was his scar suggested it.

'You heard Bertie come, Maurice?' she said.

'Yes — is n't he here?'

'He's in his room. He looks very thin and worn.'

'I suppose he works himself to death.'

A woman came in with a tray — and after a few minutes Bertie came down. He was a little dark man, with a very big forehead, thin, wispy hair, and sad, large eyes. His expression was inordinately sad — almost funny. He had odd, short legs.

Isabel watched him hesitate under the door, and glance nervously at her husband. Pervin heard him and turned.

'Here you are, now,' said Isabel. 'Come, let us eat.' Bertie went across to Maurice.

'How are you, Pervin?' he said, as he advanced.

The blind man stuck his hand out into space, and Bertie took it.

'Very fit. Glad you've come,' said Maurice.

Isabel glanced at them, and glanced away, as if she could not bear to see them.

'Come,' she said. 'Come to table. Are n't you both awfully hungry? I am, tremendously.'

'I'm afraid you waited for me,' said Bertie, as they sat down.

Maurice had a curious monolithic way of sitting in a chair, erect and distant. Isabel's heart always beat when she caught sight of him thus.

'No,' she replied to Bertie. 'We're very little later than usual. We're having a sort of high tea, not dinner. Do you mind? It gives us such a nice long evening, uninterrupted.'

'I like it,' said Bertie.

Maurice was feeling, with curious little movements, almost like a cat kneading her bed, for his plate, his knife and fork, his napkin. He was getting the whole geography of his cover into his consciousness. He sat erect and inscrutable, remote-seeming. Bertie watched the static figure of the blind man, the delicate tactile discernment of the large, ruddy hands, and the curious mindless silence of the brow, above the scar. With difficulty he looked away, and without knowing what he did, picked up a little crystal bowl of violets from the table, and held them to his nose.

'They are sweet-scented,' he said. 'Where do they come from?'

'From the garden — under the windows,' said Isabel.

'So late in the year — and so fragrant! Do you remember the violets under Aunt Bell's south wall?'

The two friends looked at each other and exchanged a smile, Isabel's eyes lighting up.

'Don't I?' she replied. 'Was n't she queer!'

'A curious old girl,' laughed Bertie. 'There's a streak of freakishness in the family, Isabel.'

'Ah — but not in you and me, Bertie,' said Isabel. 'Give them to Maurice, will you?' she added, as Bertie was putting down the flowers. 'Have you smelled the violets, dear? Do! — they are so scented.'

Maurice held out his hand, and Bertie placed the tiny bowl against

his large, warm-looking fingers. Maurice's hand closed over the thin white fingers of the barrister. Bertie carefully extricated himself. Then the two watched the blind man smelling the violets. He bent his head and seemed to be thinking. Isabel waited.

'Are n't they sweet, Maurice?' she said at last, anxiously.

'Very,' he said. And he held out the bowl. Bertie took it. Both he and Isabel were a little afraid, and deeply disturbed.

The meal continued. Isabel and Bertie chatted spasmodically. The blind man was silent. He touched his food repeatedly, with quick, delicate touches of his knife-point, then cut irregular bits. He could not bear to be helped. Both Isabel and Bertie suffered: Isabel wondered why. She did not suffer when she was alone with Maurice. Bertie made her conscious of a strangeness.

After the meal the three drew their chairs to the fire, and sat down to talk. The decanters were put on a table near at hand. Isabel knocked the logs on the fire, and clouds of brilliant sparks went up the chimney. Bertie noticed a slight weariness in her bearing.

'You will be glad when your child comes now, Isabel?' he said.

She looked up to him with a quick, wan smile.

'Yes, I shall be glad,' she answered. 'It begins to seem long. Yes, I shall be very glad. So will you, Maurice, won't you?' she added.

'Yes, I shall,' replied her husband.

'We are both looking forward so much to having it,' she said.

'Yes, of course,' said Bertie.

He was a bachelor, three or four years older than Isabel. He lived in beautiful rooms overlooking the river, guarded by a faithful Scottish man-servant. And he had his friends among the fair sex — not lovers,

friends. So long as he could avoid any danger of courtship or marriage, he adored a few good women with constant and unfailing homage, and he was chivalrously fond of quite a number. But if they seemed to encroach on him, he withdrew and detested them.

Isabel knew him very well, knew his beautiful constancy, and kindness, also his incurable weakness, which made him unable ever to enter into close contact of any sort. He was ashamed of himself, because he could not marry, could not approach women physically. He wanted to do so. But he could not. At the centre of him he was afraid, helplessly and even brutally afraid. He had given up hope, had ceased to expect any more that he could escape his own weakness. Hence he was a brilliant and successful barrister, also a *littérateur* of high repute, a rich man, and a great social success. At the centre he felt himself neuter, nothing.

Isabel knew him well. She despised him even while she admired him. She looked at his sad face, his little short legs, and felt contempt of him. She looked at his dark gray eyes, with their uncanny, almost childlike intuition, and she loved him. He understood amazingly — but she had no fear of his understanding. As a man she despised him.

And she turned to the impassive, silent figure of her husband. He sat leaning back, with folded arms, and face a little uplifted. His knees were straight and massive. She sighed, picked up the poker, and again began to prod the fire, to rouse the clouds of soft brilliant sparks.

'Isabel tells me,' Bertie began suddenly, 'that you have not suffered unbearably from the loss of sight.'

Maurice straightened himself to attend, but kept his arms folded.

'No,' he said, 'not unbearably. Now and again one struggles against it, you know. But there are compensations.'

'They say it is much worse to be stone deaf,' said Isabel.

'I believe it is,' said Bertie. 'Are there compensations?' he added, to Maurice.

'Yes. You cease to bother about a great many things.' Again Maurice stretched his figure, stretched the strong muscles of his back, and leaned backwards, with uplifted face.

'And that is a relief,' said Bertie. 'But what is there in place of the bothering? What replaces the activity?'

There was a pause. At length the blind man replied, as out of a negligent, unattentive thinking:

'Oh, I don't know. There's a good deal when you're not active.'

'Is there?' said Bertie. 'What, exactly? It always seems to me that when there is no thought and no action, there is nothing.'

Again Maurice was slow in replying.

'There is something,' he replied. 'I could n't tell you what it is.'

And the talk lapsed once more, Isabel and Bertie chatting gossip and reminiscence, the blind man silent.

At length Maurice rose restlessly, a big, obtrusive figure. He felt tight and hampered. He wanted to go away.

'Do you mind,' he said, 'if I go and speak to Wernham?'

'No — go along, dear,' said Isabel.

And he went out. A silence came over the two friends. At length Bertie said:

'Nevertheless, it is a great deprivation, Cissie.'

'It is, Bertie. I know it is.'

'Something lacking all the time,' said Bertie.

'Yes, I know. And yet — and yet — Maurice is right. There is something else, something *there*, which you

never knew was there, and which you can't express.'

'What is there?' asked Bertie.

'I don't know — it's awfully hard to define it — but something strong and immediate. There's something strange in Maurice's presence — indefinable — but I could n't do without it. I agree that it seems to put one's mind to sleep. But when we're alone I miss nothing; it seems awfully rich, almost splendid, you know.'

'I'm afraid I don't follow,' said Bertie.

They talked desultorily. The wind blew loudly outside, rain chattered on the window-panes, making a sharp drum-sound, because of the closed, mellow-golden shutters inside. The logs burned slowly, with hot, almost invisible small flames. Bertie seemed uneasy, there were dark circles round his eyes. Isabel, rich with her approaching maternity, leaned looking into the fire. Her hair curled in odd, loose strands, very pleasing to the man. But she had a curious feeling of old woe in her heart, old, timeless night-woe.

'I suppose we're all deficient somewhere,' said Bertie.

'I suppose so,' said Isabel wearily.

'Damned, sooner or later.'

'I don't know,' she said, rousing herself. 'I feel quite all right, you know. The child coming seems to make me indifferent to everything, just placid. I can't feel that there's anything to trouble about, you know.'

'A good thing, I should say,' he replied slowly.

'Well, there it is. I suppose it's just Nature. If only I felt I need n't trouble about Maurice, I should be perfectly content —'

'But you feel you must trouble about him?'

'Well — I don't know —' She even resented this much effort.

The night passed slowly. Isabel looked at the clock.

'I say,' she said. 'It's nearly ten o'clock. Where can Maurice be? I'm sure they're all in bed at the back. Excuse me a moment.'

She went out, returning almost immediately.

'It's all shut up and in darkness,' she said. 'I wonder where he is. He must have gone out to the farm —'

Bertie looked at her.

'I suppose he'll come in,' he said.

'I suppose so,' she said. 'But it's unusual for him to be out now.'

'Would you like me to go out and see?'

'Well — if you would n't mind. I'd go, but —' She did not want to make the physical effort.

Bertie put on an old overcoat and took a lantern. He went out from the side door. He shrank from the wet and roaring night. Such weather had a nervous effect on him: too much moisture everywhere made him feel almost imbecile. Unwilling, he went through it all. A dog barked violently at him. He peered in all the buildings. At last, as he opened the upper door of a sort of intermediate barn, he heard a grinding noise, and looking in, holding up his lantern, saw Maurice, in his shirt-sleeves, standing listening, holding the handle of a turnip-pulper. He had been pulping sweet roots, a pile of which lay dimly heaped in a corner behind him.

'That you, Wernham?' said Maurice, listening.

'No, it's me,' said Bertie.

A large, half-wild gray cat was rubbing at Maurice's leg. The blind man stooped to rub its sides. Bertie watched the scene, then unconsciously entered and shut the door behind him. He was in a high sort of barn-place, from which, right and left, ran off the corridors in front of the stalled cattle. He watched the slow, stooping motion

of the other man, as he caressed the great cat.

Maurice straightened himself.

'You came to look for me?' he said.

'Isabel was a little uneasy,' said Bertie.

'I'll come in. I like messing about doing these jobs.'

The cat had reared her sinister, feline length against his leg, clawing at his thigh affectionately. He lifted her claws out of his flesh.

'I hope I'm not in your way at all at the Grange here,' said Bertie, rather shy and stiff.

'My way? No, not a bit. I'm glad Isabel has somebody to talk to. I'm afraid it's I who am in the way. I know I'm not very lively company. Isabel's all right, don't you think? She's not unhappy, is she?'

'I don't think so.'

'What does she say?'

'She says she's very content — only a little troubled about you.'

'Why me?'

'Perhaps afraid that you might brood,' said Bertie, cautiously.

'She need n't be afraid of that.' He continued to caress the flattened gray head of the cat with his fingers. 'What I am a bit afraid of,' he resumed, 'is that she'll find me a dead weight, always alone with me down here.'

'I don't think you need think that,' said Bertie, though this was what he feared himself.

'I don't know,' said Maurice. Sometimes I feel it is n't fair that she's saddled with me.' Then he dropped his voice curiously. 'I say,' he asked, secretly struggling, 'is my face much disfigured? Do you mind telling me?'

'There is the scar,' said Bertie, wondering. 'Yes, it is a disfigurement. But more pitiable than shocking.'

'A pretty bad scar, though,' said Maurice.

'Oh, yes.'

There was a pause.

'Sometimes I feel I am horrible,' said Maurice, in a low voice, talking as if to himself. And Bertie actually felt a quiver of horror.

'That's nonsense,' he said.

Maurice again straightened himself, leaving the cat.

'There's no telling,' he said. Then again, in an odd tone, he added: 'I don't really know you, do I?'

'Probably not,' said Bertie.

'Do you mind if I touch you?'

The lawyer shrank away instinctively. And yet, out of very philanthropy, he said, in a small voice: 'Not at all.'

But he suffered as the blind man stretched out a strong, naked hand to him. Maurice accidentally knocked off Bertie's hat.

'I thought you were taller,' he said, starting. Then he laid his hand on Bertie Reid's head, closing the dome of the skull in a soft, firm grasp, gathering it, as it were; then, shifting his grasp and softly closing again, with a fine, close pressure, till he had covered the skull and the face of the smaller man, tracing the brows, and touching the full, closed eyes, touching the small nose and the nostrils, the rough, short moustache, the mouth, the rather strong chin. The hand of the blind man grasped the shoulder, the arm, the hand of the other man. He seemed to take him, in the soft, traveling grasp.

'You seem young,' he said quietly, at last.

The lawyer stood almost annihilated, unable to answer.

'Your head seems tender, as if you were young,' Maurice repeated. 'So do your hands. Touch my eyes, will you? — touch my scar.'

Now Bertie quivered with revulsion. Yet he was under the power of the blind man, as if hypnotized. He lifted

his hand, and laid the fingers on the scar, on the scarred eyes. Maurice suddenly covered them with his own hand, pressed the fingers of the other man upon his disfigured eye-sockets, trembling in every fibre, and rocking slightly, slowly, from side to side. He remained thus for a minute or more, while Bertie stood as if in a swoon, unconscious, imprisoned.

Then suddenly Maurice removed the hand of the other man from his brow, and stood holding it in his own.

'Oh, my God,' he said, 'we shall know each other now, shan't we? We shall know each other now.'

Bertie could not answer. He gazed mute and terrorstruck, overcome by his own weakness. He knew he could not answer. He had an unreasonable fear, lest the other man should suddenly destroy him. Whereas Maurice was actually filled with hot, poignant love, the passion of friendship. Perhaps it was this very passion of friendship which Bertie shrank from most.

'We're all right together now, are n't we?' said Maurice. 'It's all right now, as long as we live, so far as we're concerned?'

'Yes,' said Bertie, trying by any means to escape.

Maurice stood with head lifted, as if listening. The new delicate fulfilment of mortal friendship had come as a revelation and surprise to him, something exquisite and un hoped-for. He seemed to be listening to hear if it were real.

Then he turned for his coat.

'Come,' he said, 'we'll go to Isabel.'

Bertie took the lantern and opened the door. The cat disappeared. The two men went in silence along the causeways. Isabel, as they came, thought their footsteps sounded strange. She looked up pathetically and anxiously for their entrance. There seemed a curious elation about



Maurice. Bertie was haggard, with sunken eyes.

'What is it?' she asked.

'We've become friends,' said Maurice, standing with his feet apart, like a strange colossus.

'Friends!' reëchoed Isabel. And she looked again at Bertie. He met her eyes with a furtive, haggard look; his eyes were as if glazed with misery.

'I'm so glad,' she said, in sheer perplexity.

'Yes,' said Maurice.

He was indeed so glad. Isabel took his hand with both hers, and held it fast.

'You'll be happier now, dear,' she said.

But she was watching Bertie. She knew that he had one desire — to escape from this intimacy, this friendship, which had been thrust upon him. He could not bear it that he had been touched by the blind man, his insane reserve broken in. He was like a mollusc whose shell is broken.

[*The Outlook*]

## PLAYWRIGHT OR ACTOR?

BY EDWARD SHANKS

TWICE recently I have had occasion to comment here on pieces which by their lack of sincerity had the effect of putting a drastic extinguisher over the heads of the actors who were trying to perform them. At the time this seemed to me to be a humorous and appropriate revenge taken by the whole fraternity of authors on the whole fraternity of actors. There is a natural quarrel between the two bodies, and the actors, who necessarily have the last word, generally have the best of it. We have all seen Shakespeare so harried round the stage as to give the impression of a small and timid boy bullied by a large and formidable boy.

But there is, of course, another side to the quarrel; and, indeed, the relations between the author and the actor are as mysterious and delicate and involved as those which unite husband and wife or government and the governed.

In a sensible and excellent book published not long ago under the title *Problems of the Actor*, Mr. Louis Calvert protests against the view that members of his profession, depending on the dramatist for their material, are practitioners only of an 'imitative' or 'minor' art. 'In my own case,' he says, 'I have often been compelled to play characters which have been quite impossible and absurd as the author conceived them. I have felt that I would sooner carry bricks up a ladder than earn my living by perpetrating such trash with pen and paper. I believe the faculties I have brought to the 'interpretation' of such characters to be of a much higher order than those of the author employed in writing them. I have had to tax my own powers to the utmost to overcome the author's deficiencies. Surely my art has not been imitative in such cases: surely it has been creative art?' That is a bold and vigorous presentment of the actor's case; but we do not need the citation of Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle* and Irving in *The Bells* to be convinced that, as it stands, it is justified. But does it, as it stands, dispose of the whole of the question?

In the first place, one is bound to ask, who are the persons (setting authors aside) who are in the habit of ranking the art of the author above the art of the actor? In the world of the commercial theatre the question is already settled; and the author counts for next to nothing. How many living dramatists are there whose names in a list of announcements make any definite appeal to the playgoer in search of

an evening's entertainment, as novelists appeal by their names to library subscribers? I doubt whether we should need the fingers of both hands to count them; and I am sure that for each we could reckon up twenty or thirty actors and actresses whose names constitute a definite attraction.

You may take as a proof almost any poster and see the names of actors, producers, and managers in huge type, while the title of the play comes a poor next, and the author's name an abysmal last. You may amuse yourself by reading the theatrical advertisements in any newspaper and noting how often the name of the author is mentioned at all. And this state of affairs quite accurately reflects the attitude of the average playgoer. He does not observe with interest and excitement that a new play by Mr. Algernon Bucket is now being presented at the Melodeum Theatre. He says (supposing him to be aware that plays commonly have authors), 'I don't remember who wrote it, but Charles Hawtrey is always good.' Then he goes away and buys tickets for the piece in which Mr. Hawtrey is appearing; and by the time he arrives at the theatre he has very likely forgotten even the title of the piece. And the attitude of the ordinary playgoer is beyond all doubt correct. Why should he burden his memory with the names of the gentlemen who write the kind of play that is usually presented at the West-end theatre? As the poet said upon a poignant occasion, 'I have no notion why.'

But, since Mr. Calvert protests against a different state of affairs, it cannot be this world of which he is complaining. I will not believe that he wishes to intensify the neglect or odium into which the author has justly fallen in Shaftesbury Avenue and the Strand. He must be thinking of a

world where the theatre is rated much higher and judged much more severely. For, where the drama is a commercial enterprise, though the actor gets the honor Mr. Calvert desires for him, yet he is ranked according to standards which Mr. Calvert, so I gather from the rest of the book, would by no means approve. Yet, again, when Mr. Calvert fulminates against the stupidity and emptiness of the pieces in which he has been obliged to perform he suggests that it really is the ordinary commercial theatre he has in mind. My own impression is that he is suffering from a confusion of thought.

Of course, the mere fact that his abilities are infinitely superior to those of some dramatic authors proves nothing. It is a thing we know already and can hardly dispute. But does he intend to imply that this is always and necessarily so?

It is especially undesirable that this dispute should arise in the theatre where collaboration is inevitable. The author here does suggest to the actor, though it may be wrongly or feebly, how he shall act; and the actor does fashion anew in his own medium the author's conception of the characters. The line between them is shifting and hard to lay down; but the author is as indispensable as the actor. Unhappily at present that shifting line is so drawn as to leave far less territory to the dramatist than to his exponent. Our actors in the mass have come to rely far more on their own powers and personalities than on the inspiration which the author can undoubtedly give them. They have this justification that a good actor can often make a reasonable show with a bad play, whereas the best play ever written could not hide the deficiencies of a bad actor. But, if the theatre is to grow, each partner in the collaboration must develop his gifts to the utmost.

[*The English Review*]  
THE WOMEN TO THE MEN  
RETURNED

BY MARGARET SACKVILLE

You cannot speak to us nor we reply:  
You learned a different language where  
men die,  
Are mutilated, maddened, blinded,  
torn  
To tatters of red flesh, mown down like  
corn,  
Crucified, starved, tormented. Oh!  
forgive  
Us, who whilst all men died could bear  
to live  
Happy — almost, excited, glad —  
almost,  
Extravagantly, counting not the cost—  
The cost *you* paid in silence. Now  
speech is vain,  
We cannot understand nor you explain  
Your passion and your anguish; we  
are deaf  
And blind to all save customary grief.  
How shall our foolish consolations  
reach  
Trouble which lies so deeper far than  
speech.  
It ruffles not the surface — dark it lies,  
Hid from all eyes, but mostly from *our*  
eyes,  
Which though they wept for sons and  
lovers dead  
(Our *own* sons, our *own* lovers) have  
not *bled*  
Tears — have not wept such drops of  
blood and flame,  
They must have saved the world for  
very shame.  
Forgive us, then, for all our useless  
tears,  
And for our courage and patience all  
those years.  
Oh! you can love us still, laugh with us,  
smile,  
But in your haunted spirits all the  
while,  
Tortured and throbbing like a nerve  
laid bare,  
Lie sleepless memories we dare not  
share.

Your secret thought — what is it?  
We do not know;  
Never such gulf divorced you from the  
foe  
As now divides us, for how may you  
tell  
What Hell is to us who only read of  
Hell?  
Your souls elude us in some lonely  
place  
Uncomforted, beings of a different  
race.  
Have you our flesh — our flesh and  
blood become:  
You cannot answer us — you are  
dumb, you are dumb!

[*The London Mercury*]  
COLIN CLOUT'S COME HOME  
AGAIN

BY EDWARD L. DAVISON

Colin Clout's come home again,  
Loping up the rutted lane,  
Past the farmhouse and the pool,  
Smiling at the village fool —  
Past the thatched and yarded stack  
With his bundle on his back.  
Little girls in gingham frocks  
Played around the pillar-box,  
Colin spoke to them and passed,  
For he's come back home at last.  
Nancy, now that Colin's here,  
Take the jug and get some beer,  
Then put on your pinafore,  
Heat the oven, shut the door;  
Take the biggest apples down,  
Bake your dumplings crisp and brown.  
Colin kissed you when he came,  
Called you by your pretty name,  
And he gave you a new shawl —  
Colin has n't changed at all!  
Wind the clock up, make a stir,  
Busier be and busier,  
Till his supper's done, and then  
Just you kiss him back again!  
Say it's time to go to bed,  
Wrap your apron round your head,  
Scramble up your cottage stairs,  
Turn the lamp out, say your prayers;  
Tell God that the best of men  
Colin Clout's come home again!